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The End of the Cuyler Lawsuit

A FEE WORTH WORKING FOR

By Cornelia Rathbone

WOLVENHOOK was small, but then its quality was unexceptionable, it was so Dutch, so conservative and so eminently aristocratic. Not that it was, by any means, on one dead level of respectability. Being a town, it had its depths, which respectability respectably ignored, and its heights, beside which, in Wolvenhook's eyes, the heights of other towns seemed as though they were not. In High Street the King peak was reached; there respectability culminated. Enough blue blood coursed in its two short blocks to impurple the red of a thriving Western town; every doorplate bore its Van, or Ten, or well-bred hyphen suggestive of Revolutionary grandsires of distinction.

The very name, High Street, gave evidence of honorable old age, for many a year must have passed since it was, in reality, the high street of the town. It had, indeed, only set foot upon the hill, up which the younger, less dignified streets had swiftly run, leaving the old one far behind, low down in all save name. The old people behind its antique doorplates smiled as they watched the upward march. "It is all very well for new people," they said, "but we are far too old for that sort of thing."

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It was a trifle inconvenient, perhaps, to be quite away from the centre of things; but the majority were possessed of comely bays to bear them thither, if need be, and the few whose chiefest wealth lay in ancestors went cheerfully afoot, supported, doubtless, by the consciousness of this buried treasure. When this unsubstantial prop failed to strengthen the feeble knees, they stayed cheerfully at home, and viewed the world from an upper window.

Mrs. Van Vliet, at the lower end, swept the street indefatigably from a fine, grievously modern, convenient "bay," and Mrs. Clinton-Cone, with the aid of a skillfully placed reflector, was equally at home with the upper end's affairs.

But upon all High Street's otherwise untarnished respectability and antiquity there was one blot. In the very heart of it, cheek by jowl with Mrs. Clinton-Cone, face to face with Miss Susan Van Droop, lived a person called Davis, a person without ancestors! Worse offense still, however, this person had a son, an equally ancestorless son, with whom Elsie, sole daughter of the house of Cuyler, had taken it into her very independent, very American little head to fall in love.

The son, Bob by name, was junior partner in the law firm of Clark, Fraly & Davis, and was regarded by the world outside High Street as a very brilliant and rising young jurist. Davis, *père*, did something in iron—car wheels or kettles, High Street was uncertain which. It was quite clear, however, as to the original old Davis, who had married a nobody with money, bought the fine old Birch house, Heaven knows why, and died there in the old house.

He had been a grocer—a retail grocer! To be sure, so had the Van Kleeks, and the Cuylers themselves; but then, note the difference! For them it was a descent, a brief, necessary adjustment of new settlers to new environments; but to the Davises it was a rise, the grocer having begun life, it was said, as a peddler, and Mrs. Clinton-Cone, that handbook of useful information, even shook her head a little dubiously at that. But, in spite of all this, Elsie fell in love with Bob Davis.

How it all came about nobody knew. It was, in fact, a very old affair, dating back to the days when Bob, just out of knickerbockers, had drawn little Miss Cuyler up the hill from school on his sled some dozen times or so. This, being told mamma, was promptly put a stop to; and Elsie, with hot cheeks and flashing eyes, told Bob of the prohibition.

"I can't play with you any more, Bob, and just because my mother doesn't know yours."

"She can't know her," said Bob roughly. "Mother's dead. Her not knowing my dead mother ought not to make any difference."

"THEY BOTH SEEMED INTENTLY INTERESTED IN THEIR HOSTESS"

"Well, anyway, I can't play with you," said Elsie, with a little choke in her voice, "but I don't care, you're the nicest boy in the street. I don't care what they say, and I'll love you always."

And Bob then and there registered a vow in his boyish heart to serve for his true little love, if need be, as Jacob served for Rachel, but to surely win her in the end.

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"Don't cry, Elsie," he said. "I'll make 'em let us be friends some time, see if I don't!" and then, in the shadow of the old church porch they kissed one another—think of it! a peddler's grandson and a daughter of the house of Cuyler!—and Elsie gave Bob the blue ribbon from her curls, and Bob slipped his dearest treasure, a pocket compass, into Elsie's hand.

After that there had been no more sled rides, no more talks by the churchyard corner; but there had been smiles of recognition and stolen glances sweet as the forbidden always is, and growing sweeter and shyer as the years slipped by.

It was not until at Elsie's first dinner party, however, that they really met again. The dinner was given by Mrs. Martin, one of the Hill people. Dick Bogart had taken Elsie in, and when she summoned courage to lift her eyes from her oysters she found Bob Davis on the other side of the table. They paid little attention to each other, some subtle witchery of mind made them seem to ignore each other; they were, or rather seemed to be, intently interested in their hostess, who at last noticed they did not speak to each other. She little knew that love has an eloquence that needs no words.

"Miss Cuyler, you know Mr. Davis, of course," said her hostess, leaning forward a little in her chair.

"Oh, yes," said Elsie shyly.

"I am not quite forgotten, then?" asked Bob, looking at Elsie with loving intentness.

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"Of course not," said Elsie, flushing a little, "one can hardly forget one's near neighbors, Mr. Davis."

"You don't wear blue now," said Bob, smiling.

"Blue is childish," said Elsie.

"I like it, though," said Bob.

Then they talked of the roses, of Mrs. Martin's charming new candle shades, of the last play, and of Mrs. Wendell Carter's novel.

"I have that bow of blue ribbon still, Miss Cuyler," said Bob suddenly.

Elsie laughed a little, and flushed again. "I think I have the compass put away somewhere," she said.

"Of course, you will be at Mrs. Fenton's dance on Tuesday," broke in Dick Bogart.

"It was a delightful dinner," Elsie told her mamma. Dick Bogart had taken her in; she had so enjoyed it! Mrs. Cuyler smiled; she approved of Dick.

After this these two inconsequent young people met frequently, Bob having been taken up enthusiastically by the Hill set. Before the winter was over the little blue bow was no longer alone in its hiding-place; a glove, a faded rose, a dainty note or two kept it company there. But by that time Mrs. Clinton-Cone had quietly discovered what was going on.

She spied two figures loitering homeward through the dusk; she had seen a lingering hand-clasp as they parted at the steps; she had caught unwary glances thrown at Elsie's window-pane. Small things, but quite enough for Mrs. Clinton-Cone, who by long practice had become an adept at putting two and two together. Consequently a sudden quiver stirred the High Street air; somebody had whispered; little thrills of excitement began to run along the stately brick-and-marble fronts; the very names upon the doorplates shuddered.

Mrs. Clinton-Cone's next "Thursday" was crowded. Her tea cost not a penny over forty cents the pound, and skim milk masqueraded as cream in the old silver jugs, but her Thursdays were always popular. She presided so charmingly behind the Queen Anne silver, and the Lowestoft cups, in her heirloom-filled, relic-lined drawing-room; and then there was always a tasty dish of gossip served with the thin bread and butter which more than compensated for the weak tea and poor milk.

Elsie furnished the relish to-day, and the excitement waxed furious. Mrs. Clinton-Cone sighed, with raised eyebrows. "Of course, it is lamentable," she said, as always apologizing for her victim in her gentle, purring way, "but perhaps the poor child is hardly so much to blame, after all. You know, I believe so strongly in heredity, and we all know that—well, that she can't be expected to look at things in quite the same way that we do. Can she, Miss Susan?"

Miss Van Droop flushed a little at this and clattered her teaspoon nervously by way of response. One or two of the ladies smiled a little.

"Mr. Davis is a very nice young man, I've heard," said Miss Van Droop at last in a small, timid voice, "and if they love each other, poor young things, think how sad it is for them."

"Dear Miss Susan is always so tender-hearted!" purred Mrs. Clinton-Cone softly.

"Oh, no indeed, no," said Miss Van Droop, deprecatingly, "but one can't help feeling sorry, I think." Miss Van Droop sighed softly as she rose to leave.

"What is it about Miss Van Droop?" whispered a little *débutante*. "I saw Mrs. Van Vliet laughing."

"Oh, it was long before your day," said Mrs. Clinton-Cone. "Susan was in love with this young Davis' father, that's all; it was stopped, of course. Mrs. Van Droop wasn't one to stand that sort of thing, but they say that Susan has never got over it; her heart was really broken over the affair."

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Miss Van Droop, meanwhile, had reached her own door, and pulled its shining bell-handle.

"Matilda," she said as they entered, "there is such a pretty little fellow out here with a fiddle; I wish you would get me my purse."

"Miss Susan, you know your ma wouldn't have no beggars encouraged," said the grim handmaiden severely. "Sit down, now, till I take off your rubbers."

"Thank you, Matilda," said Miss Van Droop meekly.

She went slowly up the stairs to her room and shut the door; Matilda's heavy footsteps died away; then a door in the nether regions slammed—Matilda always slammed doors, slammed them aggressively; it was her way of saying amen to the Declaration of Independence.

Quickly and cautiously Miss Van Droop raised the window sash; the little fiddler had not yet finished his tune, a sweet, old-fashioned one! How often Miss Van Droop had sung it in the old days! That last happy evening at the Stantons'—how he had praised her singing of it! She had caught his eye as she sang, she remembered, and afterward he had thanked her and pressed her hand, and a sudden wave of memory lit up the face of Miss Van Droop and gave her features a sweet softness that made her seem almost beautiful.

"Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of the morning!" squeaked the little old fiddle from below.

Miss Van Droop cast one quick glance over her shoulder at the door; then a silver piece rang on the pavement at the fiddler's feet, and Miss Van Droop, with the window

shut, stood before the dressing-table, fumbling hurriedly with her bonnet-strings.

When the bonnet, with its strings neatly rolled and pinned, was placed in its box, and the camel's-hair shawl folded away in the brass-bound camphor-chest, Miss Van Droop drew her chair close to the fire and sank into its cozy depths. She was not cold, but the fire with its cheery crackle had a sociable, living sound, and Miss Van Droop was lonely.

This story about Elsie Cuyler had brought back the past to her so clearly, it seemed almost as if it were her own story she had been hearing this afternoon. "I wonder if it will end like mine!" she thought. She shuddered, and poked the fire to make it crackle louder; but in spite of the fire it felt lonely in the big, quiet house.

She thought of Elsie; of her gay, audacious speeches, her pretty little willfulnesses, her tender, caressing ways. Would she, too, sit alone by-and-by and make the fire crackle to drown the crying of her empty heart? Ah, Elsie, she told herself, was made of sterner stuff than she had been.

Then Miss Van Droop, with the little faddler's tune ringing in her ears, stole away from the fire, and came back with a letter in her hand. She read is slowly, with dim eyes, which had faded, too; and when she had read it she kissed it softly.

The old clock on the mantelshelf broke suddenly into her dreaming. Half past five! Miss Van Droop started. Hidden by the heavy window-hangings she peered out furtively through the meshes of the stiff lace curtains. Yes; there he came now; he was always so punctual, a tall, erect figure, stepping firmly and lightly in spite of his white hair and his sixty years. He mounted the steps, fumbling for his latch-key as he went; and Miss Van Droop watched him through the curtain meshes, with his love-letter clasped tightly in her hand. For thirty years she had watched thus for Robert Davis' home-coming. Was it thirty years? Thirty years since the day when, obedient to her mother's command, she had looked her lover in the face and passed on broken-hearted? Thirty years! It seemed like yesterday. Time is short when one looks back.

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Miss Van Droop turned away and laid the letter back in its place with tender hands, that seemed to have a pathetic tremble as her fingers pressed the faded paper.

By-and-by she smoothed the soft bands of her faded hair, which had been so bright a gold thirty years ago, and went down and took her place in the gloomy dining-room, where the shaded candles made little circles of light on the polished mahogany, and gleamed softly on antique glass too old to sparkle, and brought into light the Van Droop crest on the rare old silver tea-service. For company she had Matilda, standing grim and silent behind her chair.

After tea Miss Van Droop sat with her work in the drawing-room. She was knitting a little jacket for a cousin's child. Then, being restless to-night, she opened the piano and played a little, touching the yellow keys lightly. It was quaint old music that she played, full of turns, and quavers, and trills. There were gavottes and minuets, and simple, tender airs with many ingenious variations. She played them with much precision and carefulness, in a delicate, old-fashioned style which somehow seemed to suit the old music. Then faintly and uncertainly her fingers felt their way into the air the little fiddler had played that afternoon; and very softly, in a thin, cracked voice, which yet sounded like the far-away echo of something very sweet, Miss Van Droop sang the old song again.

"Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us at eve on the bleak shore alone,"

she sang; and then the old voice trembled and failed, and Miss Van Droop shut the piano lid and turned the light out, and went up through the darkness to bed. But first she looked across again to the house opposite, where the light shone still: "Good-night," she whispered. "God bless you, my dear, and keep you safe from harm."

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In a palm-screened corner of Mrs. Martin's great ballroom Bob and Elsie were gloomily facing the future.

"You are quite sure it has got about?" asked Bob for the twentieth time.

"Sure! Why, haven't people been fairly shouting it out within an inch of my ears all the evening, as if I were a waxwork in the Eden Musée! Mrs. Clinton-Cone will be over by to-morrow to condole with mamma. Heaven knows why she hasn't been before—she must have had an attack of something—for nothing but illness could keep her away."

"There's nothing for it, then, but to see your father in the morning," said Bob gloomily.

"There couldn't be a worse time," said Elsie. "He's so put out about that lawsuit of his; there's a hitch somewhere, and yesterday he heard that his lawyer, Mr. Buel, was ill, and couldn't conduct the case; he's in a terrible way about it."

"It's a great pity about Buel," said Bob. "They are afraid it is softening of the brain. It was sad news to me, for he's been a first-rate friend of mine, the dear old man! I have always thought, though, that he took the wrong view as regards that man Hatch. I suppose that is where the hitch you speak of comes in, for there's a hitch somewhere."

"Why, what do you know about it?"

"Well, the truth is, I have been working up the case a little on my own hook," said Bob. "It's rather out of the ordinary run, and interested me, and then, in a way, it was your case, you see. Buel and I have talked it over several times. I told him I thought he was wrong about Hatch."

"This suit has been father's one thought for years, almost," said Elsie. "I don't know what he will do now, I'm sure."

"Well, I'll see him to-morrow," said Bob.

"It won't be a bit of use," sighed Elsie. "Oh, Bob, if I could only give you a few dozen of my grandfathers! Goodness knows I don't want them! It does seem to me too ridiculous that I can't marry whom I please, just because a hundred years ago some Cuyler or other founded the family—as they call it! Just as if he had popped up ready-made like a mushroom! It is really as bad as belonging to a reigning house! I suppose nobody would object if I suggested marrying your great-great-grandson! Oh, dear, why didn't that Cuyler die young and leave us unfounded? He was an old humbug!"

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Elsie made her absurd little speech with a laugh, but the laugh was almost a sob.

"Can't you see me at fifty, Bob," she said, "prim and faded, and mildly dejected, with a taste for tea, and gossip, and good works; and not even a cat for company, for I hate the sight of them! Can't you see me, dear Bob?"

"You will be my dear wife long before that, please God!" said Bob, taking both of Elsie's hands in his. And there was so much quiet determination in his tone that she felt quite comforted.

"I vowed as a boy that I'd win you," went on Bob, "and win you I will, if you'll only be true to me, Elsie."

"Bob," said Elsie, "I can't promise to marry you without their consent, but I'll love you, and I'll wait for you all my life, dear, dear Bob."

It is an easy thing to vow vows. Nothing is simpler—an impulse, a breath and it is done—but oh, the keeping of them! Out of the mighty multitude of glowing young hearts who swear to set the world afire, how many, think you, ever light anything at all save their bedroom candle?

Bob had sworn, glibly and hopefully enough, to win his true love in spite of all the old Dutchmen, living and dead. It was easy to be hopeful while music throbbed and swayed, and his sweetheart was at his side; but later, when the lights were out, and the music silent, and his sweetheart a block away, things assumed a different aspect. Win her? Yes! in that resolution he never faltered, but a great impassable How rose up before him, and blocked the way. Night, however, brings counsel, and when Bob had finally turned in, though his head, indeed, was a whirl of chaotic ideas, light beamed over chaos; the creation of his plan was begun.

"Are you training for a walking match, Bob?" asked his father at breakfast. "You kept me awake half the night tramping over my head. Next time you have a troublesome case, my son, do, at least, in mercy to me, take your boots off. Was it a troublesome case, by the way, or a bad conscience?"

"Neither," said Bob; "it was a troubled mind this time. The fact is, father, I'm going to be married."

"Well, you're frank, at least, and certainly there is something refreshingly sudden about you, Bob! When is it to be? To-morrow?"

"In about twenty-five years, father, I should think," said Bob gloomily.

"I'm glad you give one time to get used to the idea," laughed Mr. Davis. "You quite took my breath away. Who is she, my boy?"

"It is Elsie Cuyler, father," said Bob.

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Mr. Davis sprang to his feet.

"Look here, my son, haven't you more pride than to let one of that family play the fool with you? A girl with no more heart—no more truth—"

"Don't, father, please," interrupted Bob. "I can't let even you say a word against her—I love her too well."

"But, Bob, my boy," stammered Mr. Davis, "I tell you I know what they are! They are all alike, root and branch—they are all alike—heartless and false; I ought to know—I suffered enough at their hands!"

"Not Elsie, father," interrupted Bob again.

"And prouder than Lucifer."

"But not Elsie," said Bob.

Mr. Davis groaned.

"Now, my dear old father," said Bob, throwing his arm caressingly over his father's shoulder, "nothing you can say will shake my faith in her. She has the pluck to stand out against any Cuyler or Van Droop living. Her cousin was weak as water, poor thing. Elsie says it broke her heart."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Mr. Davis contemptuously. "She had none to break! Well," he went on with a sigh, "have your own way, Bob. I won't stop you if you think you are right. I don't see how you are going to get her, though."

"I've got a plan in my head," said Bob. "I'm going down to see Buel about it."

"Broke her heart, did it?" muttered Davis, Senior, glancing across at the house opposite when Bob had left him.

The immediate result of Bob's visit to Mr. Buel was two notes. One, addressed to Peter Cuyler, Esquire, City Buildings, Wolvenhook, was as follows:

"*Dear Cuyler:* Come to my house, if you can, some time either to-day or to-morrow; I am forbidden the office. I want to see you about the suit. Robert L. Davis, of Clack, Fraly & Davis, has just been in, and he struck me as just the man to take it. He has the whole case at his fingers' ends, followed it at the trial, and has been studying it up independently ever since, it seems. I verily believe he has hit on a solution of the Hatch difficulty—cleverest thing I ever heard. I don't think you could get anybody better to carry the case up for you. He is young, of course, but his law is sound, and he is wonderfully keen, and a brilliant speaker. If you think well of it, I will have him meet you here at any time you name. I am off early in May, so the sooner something is settled the better.

"Yours very truly, J. J. BUEL."

The other note ran:

"*My Little Sweetheart:* Just a line to tell you that I shall not see your father this morning, after all. I have a new plan which I will explain to you to-night at the Freemans'. Meantime suppress Mrs. Clinton-Cone. Until to-night, my darling, good-by.

"Hastily, but ever faithfully, BOB."

While Elsie was still poring over Bob's note, she was hastily summoned to her mother's room, where she found Mrs. Cuyler in tears, a telegram in her hand. "Your grandmamma, my dear, your poor, dear grandmamma," sobbed Mrs. Cuyler. "Your Uncle Richard has just telegraphed me to come at once—and I'm afraid it is the end. She is so old; ninety-five her last birthday."

Whereupon Elsie, although her grandmamma had known neither her nor any one else for ten years, was quite conscience-stricken to find that her keenest feeling was one of rejoicing in that her mother, for a time at least, would be out of the reach of Mrs. Clinton-Cone's tongue.

"You can just catch the twelve-thirty train, mamma, dear, if you hurry," she said.

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Immediately all was bustle and confusion in the Cuyler household.

Just as the footman was putting Mrs. Cuyler's traveling-bag in the carriage, Elsie, glancing out of the window, saw Mrs. Clinton-Cone standing on her doorstep.

"She is coming!" thought Elsie, with a sinking at her heart.

"Dear mamma, you will lose your train!" she cried; and straightway she hustled slow, stout Mrs. Cuyler, breathless, but still expostulating, bodily down the stairs.

"Take the telegram over to your Cousin Susan," Mrs. Cuyler managed to gasp, stopping on the steps, "she is the eldest grandchild. She might want to go down."

"Yes, yes, mamma," cried Elsie, "but indeed you haven't a minute to lose!"

And just as Mrs. Clinton-Cone reached the curbstone the carriage rolled rapidly away.

"What an escape!" gasped Elsie, sinking exhausted into a chair. "In another minute she would have suggested driving down with mamma—I am positive she would. Poor mamma," she added, with a little tardy compunction, "I hope she won't have very long to wait at the station!"

That afternoon Elsie obediently carried the telegram over to Miss Van Droop, whom she found by the drawing-room fire, knitting a baby jacket, with a volume of Mrs. Hemans' poems propped open before her.

"I am disturbing your reading, I am afraid," said Elsie.

"Oh, I wasn't reading, my dear," said Miss Van Droop. "I was just committing a little; it makes the time pass, and when I repeat aloud it seems quite like company, you know. Yes; it is Mrs. Hemans to-day; you see I am on a jacket. Cowper goes with socks, and Longfellow with mittens, and then I have Moore for wash-rags, and Byron for shawls, and Sundays it is usually Night Thoughts. I think variety is nice, don't you? I used to take the Kings of England and French verbs when I was younger, but it doesn't seem worth while for me to learn anything now, so I indulge myself, and I don't think it is really wasting time, for you see I knit all the while."

"Poor Cousin Susan!" said Elsie, gently laying Miss Van Droop's thin hand caressingly against her soft, fresh cheek.

The little caress was very grateful to Miss Van Droop, for she received so few of them nowadays. She kept Elsie's hand in hers and smoothed it softly as she spoke.

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"I wanted to say something to you, my dear," she said. "Of course, you know I would not counsel any one to go against a parent's wishes. Oh, never, never, my dear; that would be a dreadful thing! I never could have brought myself to do quite that, not quite to disobey, but sometimes I have thought if I had only been firmer, perhaps I might have won them; but I was always weak and easily ruled. I got thinking the other day, what if you ever came to be like me, and so I couldn't help speaking; you'll excuse me, won't you, my dear. People say you get over heartache, but I don't think you always do. Perhaps you get over the ones God sends, but if you hurt your own heart, Elsie, I think the hurt always stays. So I wanted to say to you, don't do anything you can blame yourself for by-and-by; it is bad enough to be old and lonely, but to have something always in your heart to be sorry about is worse. And, my dear, I think it would be better to throw away anything else in the world than love. I threw it away, and so I know. And Elsie, I should so like to feel that you would make up for it somehow—I'd—I'd like to think his son——"

And then Miss Van Droop broke down, and Elsie drew her into her strong young arms and comforted her; and by-and-by they talked softly and shyly about Elsie's love story, and Miss Van Droop said it made her very happy to hear about Robert's boy, and she flushed a little as she said the name.

Bob threw himself, heart and soul, into the study of the intricate, puzzling case, which had dropped from Mr. Buel's failing hands into his strong grasp.

The case at the time of its first trial had made quite a stir in the legal world. Consequently, could he only lay his finger on the weak spot which he felt existed in the enemy's defenses, and succeed in reversing the decision of the Court, his name was made. He would then, he felt, be in a position where he could more confidently urge upon Mr. Cuyler the request for his daughter's hand in marriage.

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The case was put down for the following October, and until then it was decided to keep Elsie's parents in ignorance, if possible, of their daughter's revolt against family traditions.

"It isn't exactly like deceiving them, you know," said Elsie, somewhat casuistically. "It isn't as if we were going to see each other all the time; as long as we aren't, there certainly can be no use in making everybody unhappy."

"No use at all," said Bob decidedly. "Of course, I would rather fight it out fair and square. I hate concealment and all that, but when it comes to fighting a lot of ghostly grandfathers, why, I don't see that there is anything for it but to meet them on their own ground, as it were."

Fate had conspired with these young lovers to keep their secret from parental ears. Mrs. Cuyler, after her mother's death, decided not to return to Wolvenhook, but to have Elsie join her, and to go across immediately to England for a few months' rest and change. Mrs. Clinton-Cone, therefore, had found no opportunity to enlighten Mrs. Cuyler as to those telltale glances and hand-clasps.

This was to be the last meeting before Elsie sailed. They had strolled away together in the spring sunshine under the soft, feathery elm branches, through the sweet, fresh springtime sounds and odors. Everything about them thrilled and throbbed with life, and hope, and gladness; and their hearts thrilled, too, in unison.

Two days later Bob, with a sudden tightening at his heart, read Elsie's name in the passenger list of the Gallia. He wondered whether she had known his roses by the blue ribbon that tied them; and then in his strong, true faith, he smiled a little to see her mother's favorite, Dick Bogart's name among the rest.

"As if, God bless her, I wouldn't trust her with a dozen Dick Bogarts," he said.

In six months, when his case had at last been reached and heard, Mr. Cuyler followed to fetch his family home. Pending the decision of the Court, he hurried off, and almost before the roll of the sea was out of his head had started back with them. By the time they reached home the decision would be known and the suspense over.

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Bob had fought his fight well, and had made two or three telling points in his argument. One of the wise, silken-robed Judges had leaned toward his neighbor and whispered laconically, "Brains!" Little they thought, those learned men, sitting so solemnly behind their carved oak screens, that romance was masquerading before them in legal array; that a bride as well as a decision was being asked at their hands.

There was one old Judge, however, who knew. He looked down from out the carved paneling of the court-room wall; fortunately for his would-be grandson, however, a hard coat of varnish sealed his lips.

His son, however, had nothing but smiles for his young lawyer, and when he learned that the great case had been decided in their favor, his enthusiasm knew no bounds.

"My dear fellow!" he cried. "What a great triumph!"

"I am glad to have been of setvice to you," said Bob, and after a while he named the price of that service.

"The fee I ask is possibly an unusual one," he said. "But you have been good enough to speak of my services as having been of great value to you."

"Eh!" interrupted Mr. Cuyler sharply.

"Your very kind appreciation, therefore, emboldens me," went on Bob undisturbed, "as does my knowledge of the importance of this decision to you——"

Mr. Cuyler fidgeted nervously.

"And leads me to hope that you will not think my demand unreasonably great."

"Well, well, out with it! You make as much preamble as though you were asking for a cool thousand!"

"A thousand!" said Bob contemptuously. "That is a good joke! That decision worth the great sum of a thousand dollars to you! Or, perhaps, you meant pounds, being just over from England. That is a good joke!" he said pleasantly. "However, I'll get to the point without further delay. Mr. Cuyler, I ask as my fee your daughter's hand."

"What, sir!" cried Mr. Cuyler, his red face aflame, "You—you——!"

"I have loved her all my life," said Bob.

"You—you nobody! do you dare tell me!" stammered Mr. Cuyler, fairly speechless with indignation.

Bob bent over the peppery old gentleman, holding him down in his chair with one strong, young arm, and looking him full in the eyes.

"Now, Mr. Cuyler, listen to me," he said quietly. "Marry your daughter I will, either with your consent, or without it, as you please. I will take your consent as my fee. If you refuse it I must, of course, express my demand in pounds, shillings and pence; and I warn you I shall not insult your daughter by naming a paltry sum as her equivalent. I shall then, as I said, marry her without the consent you refuse. I swear I will. You have your choice. Don't answer me now—take till to-morrow to decide; talk it over with Elsie. Possibly you may conclude that to accept my proposition will be the wisest and pleasantest arrangement that you can make, as it certainly is the best from a financial point of view."

"You are a clever young dog! I'll say that for you," fumed Mr. Cuyler.

"Thank you, sir," said Bob pleasantly. "Think over my suggestion, will you? Good morning. I'll see you to-morrow."

*

That evening the Cuylers' man-servant actually went up the Davis steps, and pulled the Davis bell handle. Mrs. Clinton-Cone saw him do it. He left a note, which Bob tore open breathlessly and kissed a dozen times. Mrs. Clinton-Cone was terribly agitated. She hungered and thirsted after the knowledge of what that note contained. It said:

"Oh, Bob, dear Bob, it's all right—they have given their consent at last, and I am so happy! Come over at once; they are expecting you. Don't look for an over-cordial welcome, though. I have tried to impress upon them that 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,' but it doesn't seem to affect them. There has been a battle royal, but we have won the day, and nothing else matters—and oh, Bob—I love you—love you—love you.

"Yours forever, ELSIE."

And so, when spring came there was a wedding in High Street over which discussion waxed fast and furious. All the matrons shook their heads, and all the maidens applauded. The presents were, of course, superb. Dick Bogart sent a diamond star. Mrs. Clinton-Cone herself sent a lovely set of dear little devotional books, bound in white vellum, with such a sweet little note.

The wedding, itself, was very much like all weddings, except that perhaps the bride was prettier than some brides are, and that the bridegroom looked more radiantly triumphant and happy.

Miss Van Droop came, of course, looking almost young and pretty again, in the dainty little bonnet whose purchase Elsie herself had superintended. She cried a little when she kissed the bride. "This makes me so happy, my dear!" she said. Good, unselfish, little Miss Van Droop! And then, with the tears still in her eyes, she kissed Bob, too.

Mr. Davis felt lonely that night, after the wedding was over and the happy pair gone; there was an empty feeling about the house. "I shall miss the boy terribly!" he said, wandering restlessly to and fro. By-and-by he drew up the shade and looked out into the night. There was a light in the house opposite. He whistled softly as he stood there—he whistled the tune very badly, but it was a pretty old tune. By-and-by he broke off and sighed—"So it broke her heart, did it?" he said softly. "Poor Susie!"

And across the way Miss Van Droop, in the darkness, looked out from behind her curtains and saw him standing there against the bright background of the room.

"Good-night," she said, the tears streaming down over her faded cheeks. "Good-night; God bless you, my dear."

* * *

How Herbert Spencer Explained It.—It is not usual to consider Mr. Spencer as a humorist. But he is able to be such at his own expense, says the New York Evening Sun. When one of the commissioners suggested that if his books sold cheaper, in consequence of a shorter copyright, he might dispose of more of them, and so make up in that way, he replied:

"Let me use an illustration. Take such a commodity as cod-liver oil, which is a very necessary thing for a certain limited class. Suppose it is contended that, out of regard for those to whom it is so necessary, retailers should be compelled to take a smaller profit, and you reduce the price by fifteen per cent.

"The consumption would be very little influenced, because there would be none but those who had it prescribed for them who would be willing to take it, and they must have it. Now, take one of my books, say the Principles of Psychology. Instead of calling it caviare to the general, let us call it cod-liver oil to the general. I think it probable that if you were to ask ninety-nine people out of a hundred whether they would daily take a spoonful of cod-liver oil or read a chapter of that book, they would be sure to tell you that they preferred the cod-liver oil."

At the Huskin' Bee

BY T. P. RYDER

THE huskin' bee wuz over, ez the sun wuz goin' down
In a yaller blaze o' glory jist behind the maples brown,
The gals wuz gittin' ready 'n the boys wuz standin' by,
To hitch on whar they wanted to, or know the reason why.

Of all the gals what set aroun' the pile of corn thet day,
A-twistin' off the rustlin' husks ez ef 'twas only play,
The peartiest one of all the lot—'n they wuz pooty, too—
Wuz Zury Hess, whose laffin' eyes cud look ye through and through.

Now it happened little Zury found a red ear in the pile,
Afore we finished huskin', 'n ye orter seen her smile,
Fur, o' course, she hed the priverlege, ef she wud only dare,
To choose the feller she liked best 'n kiss him then 'n there.

My! how we puckered up our lips 'n tried to look our best,
Each feller wished he'd be the one picked out from all the rest,
Till Zury, arter hangin' back a little spell or so,
Got up 'n walked right over to the last one in the row.

She jist reached down 'n teched her lips onto the ol' white head
O' Peter Sims, who's eighty year ef he's a day, 'tis said;
She looked so sweet ol' Peter tho't an angel cum to say
As how his harp wuz ready in the land o' tarnal day.

Mad? Wall I should say I was; 'n I tol' her goin' hum.
As how the way she slighted me hed made me sorter glum,
'N that I didn't think she'd shake me right afore the crowd—
I wuzn't goin' ter stand it—'n I said so pooty loud.

Then Zury drapped her laffin' eyes 'n whispered to me low,
"I didn't kiss ye 'fore the crowd—'cause—'cause—I love ye so,
'N I thought ye wudn't mind it ef I kissed ol' Pete instead,
Because the grave is closin' jist above his pore ol' head."

Well—wimmin's ways is queer, sometimes, and we don't allus know
Just what's a-throbbin' in their hearts when they act thus 'n so—
All I know is, that when I bid good-night to Zury Hess,
I loved her more 'n ever, 'n I'll never love her less.—The New York Sun

A Rocky Mountain Shipwreck

MRS. JIM'S "HORN OF PLENTY" INVESTMENT

By Anna Fuller

IN TWO PARTS: PART II

LATE in the afternoon she was paying a visit to Jim. In spite of the brilliant sunshine that flooded the little garrret at this hour, the place seemed dingier and drearier than ever. Jim, too, she thought, was not looking quite as well as usual; his hand as she took it was hot and dry. She knelt down beside him and they looked out at the Peak, rising grand and imposing beyond the low roofs. Marietta was thinking of the gold, "just round on the other side," but Jim's thoughts had wandered farther still; or was it, after all, nearer to the sick man with the wistful light in his eyes?

"I say, Marietta," he said, "I wonder what Heaven's like."

She had never heard him speak like that, and the words went to her heart like a knife. But she answered gently:

"I guess we don't know much about it, Jim; only that it'll be Heaven."

"I suppose when we get there, you and I, Springtown will seem very far away."

"I don't know, Jim," Marietta said, looking still out toward the Peak, but thinking no longer of the gold on the other side. "I shouldn't like any of our life together ever to seem very far away."

Just then the sound of the horn rang musically down the street and a moment later the brake went by. The horses' heads were toward home and they knew it; the harness jingled and glittered. On the brake were half a dozen well-dressed people, laughing and talking gayly; health and prosperity seemed visibly in attendance upon that little company of fortunates. They passed like a vision, and again the sound of the horn came ringing down the street.

Jim turned and looked at Marietta, who had been almost as excited as he. A thousand thoughts had chased themselves through her brain as the brake went by. She sighed in the energetic manner peculiar to her, and then she said: "Oh, Jim! If you could only be like that for just one day!"

Perhaps he had had the same thought, but her words dispelled it.

"Never mind, Etta," he said. "I wouldn't change with him;" and Marietta shut away the little speech in her heart to be happy over at her leisure.

*

The next day the invalid was not as well as usual and Mrs. Jim spent half her time running up and down stairs. Inches came in in the course of the day, and offered her sixty cents for her "Horn of Plenty," and she thought with a pang how fast it was going up. The thought haunted her all day long, but she could not leave Jim to take any steps toward retrieving her opportunity, and after that first visit Inches did not come in again. She took out her big check once or twice in the course of the day and looked at it resentfully; and, as she brooded upon the matter, it was borne in upon her with peculiar force that she had made a fatal blunder in exchanging her "chances" for that fixed, inexpansive sum. Had it not been cowardly in her to yield so easily? Supposing that Dayton himself had lacked courage at the critical moment; where would his four-in-hand have been to-day? She was sure that no timid speculator had ever made a fortune; on the contrary, she had often heard it said that a flash of courage at the right moment was the very essence of success in speculation.

By the time evening came the fever of speculation was high in her veins, and urged on by her own brooding fancies, uncontradicted from without, unexposed to the light of day, she did an incredible thing.

*

As she drew forth her writing materials in order to put her new and startling resolution into execution, she paused and looked about the familiar little shop with a feeling of estrangement. There was an incongruity between the boldness of the thing she was about to do, and the hard and fast limitations of her lot, which the sight of those humble properties brought sharply home to her. The first pen she took up was stiff and scratchy; the sound of it was like a challenge to the outer world to come and pass judgment upon her. She flung the pen to one side in nervous trepidation, and then she searched until she found one that was soft and pliable, and went whispering over the paper like a fellow-conspirator.

This was what she wrote:

"DEAR MR. DAYTON:

"I want to go into the 'Horn of Plenty' again, and I can't get away to attend to it. I inclose your check, and one of my own for $400. Please buy me what the money will bring. They say it isn't a swindle, and anyway I want some. You said to come to you, and that was the same as saying you'd do it if I asked you to. I don't care what you pay; get what you can for the money.

"Yours truly,

"M. BIXBY."

Another morning found Jim so ill that they sent for a doctor. On the same day Inches came in and offered seventy-five cents for the stock. Marietta had not told him that it was sold, and she did not propose to do so. In the afternoon the price had "jumped" to ninety cents, but by that time she was too anxious about Jim to care.

For five weeks the "Art Emporium" was closed, and in that time the face of the world had changed for Marietta. She realized the change when she came down the stairs and opened the shop again. It was impossible to feel that life was restored to its old basis. There was a change, too, in her, which was patent to the most casual observer. It was, indeed, a very wan and thin Marietta that at last came forward to meet her customers; her eyes looked alarmingly big, and, though nothing could disturb the pose of the beautiful head, there was a droop in the figure that betokened exhaustion.

A good many customers came in to make Easter purchases—for the following Sunday was Easter—and many others to inquire for Jim. As the old, familiar life began to reassert itself, as she began to feel at home again in the old, accustomed surroundings, her mind recurred, in a half-dazed way, to her speculation. She did not herself know much about it, for Dayton had never sent her her certificate. Probably he had come with it when the shop was closed. She supposed she must be too tired to have much courage; that must be why her heart sank at the thought of what she had done. She was sitting by the work-table, her head in her hands, pondering dully. At the sound of the shop-bell she looked up, mechanically, and saw Inches coming in.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jim," he said. "How's your husband?"

"Jim's better, thank you," she replied.

Inches looked at her narrowly, and then he began pulling the ears of a mounted fox-skin that was lying on the counter, as he remarked casually: "Hope you got rid of your 'H. O. P.' in time."

"In time?" she asked. "In time? What do you mean?"

"Why, before they closed down. You sold out, I hope, before it was too late?"

*

There was a sudden catch in her breath.

"Yes, I sold out some time ago."

"Glad of that," he declared, with very evident relief, suddenly losing interest in the fox's ears. Inches had none of Dayton's prejudices in regard to woman's "sphere," but he was none the less rejoiced to know that this particular woman, with the tired-looking eyes, had not "got hurt."

"It's been a bad business all around," he went on, waxing confidential, as he was prone to do. "Why, I know a man that bought twenty-thousand shares at a dollar-ten three weeks ago, just before she closed down, and he's never had the sand to sell."

"What could he get to-day?" Marietta asked. Her voice sounded, in her ears, strange and far away.

"Well, I don't know. I was offered some at six cents, but I don't know anybody that wants it."

Marietta's throat felt parched and dry, and now there was a singing in her ears; but she gave no outward sign.

There was a din in her ears all that afternoon, which was, perhaps, a fortunate circumstance, for it shut out all possibility of thought. It was not until night came that the din stopped, and her brain became clear again—cruelly, pitilessly clear.

Deep into the night she lay awake tormenting herself with figures. How hideous; how intolerable they were! They passed and repassed in her brain in the uncompromising searchlight of conscience, like malicious, mouthing imps. They were her debts and losses, they stood for disgrace and penury, they menaced the very foundation of her life and happiness.

Doubtless the man who had put many thousands into the "Horn of Plenty," and had lacked the "sand" to sell, would have wondered greatly that a fellow-creature should be suffering agony on account of a few hundred dollars. Yet he, in his keenest pang of disappointment, knew nothing whatever of the awful word "ruin"; while Marietta, staring up into the darkness, was getting that lesson by heart.

The town clock striking three seemed to pierce her consciousness and relieve the strain. She wished the sofa she was lying upon were not so hard and narrow; perhaps if she were more comfortable she might be able to sleep, and then, in the morning, she might see light. Of course, there was light, somewhere, if she could only find it; but who ever found the light lying on a hard sofa, in pitchy darkness? Perhaps, if she were to get up and move about things would seem less intolerable. And with the mere thought of action the tired frame relaxed, the straining eyes were sealed with sleep, the curtain of unconsciousness had fallen upon the troubled stage of her mind.

*

And when, at dawn, Jim opened frightened eyes, and struggled with a terrible oppression to speak her name, Marietta was still sleeping profoundly.

"Etta!" he gasped. "Oh, Etta!"

And Marietta heard the whispered name, and thrusting out her hands, as if to tear away a physical bond, broke through the torpor that possessed her, and stood upon her feet. She staggered, white and trembling, to Jim's bedside, and there, in the faint light, she saw that he was dying.

"Etta, Etta," he whispered, "I want you! I—want—you!"

She sank upon her knees beside him, but the hand she folded in her own was already lifeless.

Slowly the light increased in that dingy garret, until the sun shone full upon the face of the Peak, fronting the single window of the chamber in uncompassionate splendor. Occasional sounds of traffic came up from the street below; the day had begun. And still Marietta knelt beside the bed, clasping the hand she loved, with a passionate purpose to prolong the mere moment of possession that was all that was left her now, all it was worth being alive for. He wanted her, he wanted her—and oh, the years and years that he must wait for her, in that strange, lonely, far-away Heaven!

"Jim, Jim!" she muttered from time to time, with a dry gasp in her throat, that almost choked her; "Jim, oh, Jim!"

By-and-by, when the sun was high in the heavens, and all the world was abroad, she got upon her feet, and went about the strange, new business that death puts upon the broken-hearted—making it harder to bear.

The day after the funeral was the third of April, and Marietta knew that all her April bills were lying in the letter-box, the silent menace which had seemed so terrible to her the other day. Well, that, at least, was nothing to her now. So much her heart-break had done for her, that all the lessons of ruin she had conned through those horrible black hours, when Jim was dying and she did not know it—that lesson, at least, had lost its meaning. Ruin could not hurt Jim now, and she?—she might even find distraction in it—find relief from some of the pain.

She went down into the dimly lighted shop, where the shades were closely drawn in the door and in the broad show window. In that strange midday twilight she gathered up her mail, and then she seated herself in her old place behind the counter and began the examination of it.

There were all the bills, just as she had anticipated; bills for food and bills for medicine; bills for all those useless odds and ends which made up her stock in trade, which she and Jim had been so proud of a few years ago when they first came to Springtown. She wrote out the various sums in a long column, just to look at them all together, and to feel how little harm they could do her; and in the midst of the dull, lifeless work she came upon a letter which did not look like a bill. As she drew it from the envelope, two slips of paper fell out of it, two slips of paper which she picked up and read with but a dazed, bewildered attention. They were the checks she had sent to Dayton a month ago—his own check for $250; hers for $400.

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Marietta, in her humble joys and sorrows, had never known the irony of Fate, and hence she could not understand about those checks. The meaning of the letter was blurred as she read it. It was from Dayton. He could not know that Jim was dead, for he said nothing of it. But if there was any one who did not know that Jim was dead, could it be true? Her heart gave a wild leap, and she half rose to her feet. What if she were to run up those stairs, quickly, breathlessly? Oh, what then?

But the stillness of the closed shop, the strange half-light that came through the drawn shades, her own black dress, recalled her from that swift and cruel hope, and again she set herself to read the letter.

The words all seemed straight enough, if she could only make sense of them. He had but just read her letter, being returned that morning from the East. The letter had come the day he left town, and thinking that it was a receipted bill, he had locked it up, unopened, in his desk. He feared that Mrs. Jim had been anxious about the matter, and he hastened to relieve her mind. While he apologized for his own carelessness, he congratulated her upon her escape.

"He congratulates me, he congratulates me!" she whispered. "Oh, my God!"

Suddenly the meaning of it all broke upon her. Those were her checks! Ruin had evaded her! She could not prove upon it her loyalty to Jim, her loyalty to grief. Fate had shipwrecked her, and now it was decreed that the sun should shine and the sea subside in smiling peace. It was more than she could bear. She flung the letter from her, and, stooping, she picked up the checks and crushed them in her clenched hands. How dared they come back to mock at her! How dared Fate take her all, and toss her what she did not value! How dared Heaven—what is Heaven? Was it Heaven she was defying? Ah! she must not lose her soul—Heaven knew she would not lose her soul—for Jim's sake!

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She opened her clenched hands and smoothed out the checks, patiently, meekly; and then she went on with the bills, a strange calm in her mind, different from the calm of the last three days.

And then, for the first time, it struck her that the bills were all made out to Jim.

"James Baxby,
"to Hiram Rogers, Dr.
"to James Wilkiss, Dr.
"to Fields & Lyman, Dr." -

It was his name that would have been disgraced, not hers; his memory would have been stained. She turned white with terror of the danger past.

After a while she put the bills aside, and drew out her folios of pressed flowers. It seemed a hundred years since she had worked upon them. How exquisite they were, those delicate ghosts of flowers; the regal columbine, the graceful gilia, coreopsis, gleaming golden, anemones, pale and soft. How they kept their loveliness when life was past! They were only flower memories, but how fair they were, and how lasting! No frost to blight them, no winds to tear their silken petals any more!

And soon Marietta found herself doing the old, accustomed work with all the old skill, and with a new grace and delicacy of touch. And when the friends in her old home, which she had left for Jim's sake, urged her to come back to them, she answered, "No; I would rather stay in Colorado and do my flower-books": adding, in a hand that scrawled more than usual with the effort for composure, "They are my consolation."

—From Peak and Prairie, a book of short stories by Anna Fuller. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

An Angel of the Slums

THE REGENERATION OF ELNATHAN ALLEN

By Josiah Allen's Wife

IT WUZ one of the relations on his side. Proud enough wuz my pardner of him, and of himself, too, for bein' born his cousin (though that wuz unbeknown to him at the time, and he ort not to have gloried in it).

But tickled wuz he when word came that Elnathan Allen, Esq., of Menlo Park, California, wuz a comin' to Jonesville to visit.

That man had begun life poor, poor as a snipe—sometimes I used to handle that very word "snipe" a describin' Elnathan Allen's former circumstances to Josiah, when he got too overbearin' about him, for a woman can't stand only jest about so much agrivatin' and treadin' on before she will turn like a worm. That is Bible, about the worm, and must be believed.

What used to mad me worst wuz when he would get to comparin' Elnathan with one of 'em on my side who was shiftless. Good land! 'Zekiel Smith hain't the only man on earth who is ornary and no account. Every pardner has 'em, more or less, on his side and on hern; let not one pardner boast themselves over the other one—both have their drawbacks.

But Elnathan had done well; I admitted it, only when I wuz too much put upon.

He had gone fur west, got rich, invested his capital first rate—some on it in a big eastern city—and had got to be a millionaire.

He wuz a widower with one child, the Little Maid, as he called her. He jest idolized her, and thought she wuz perfect.

And I spoze she wuz oncommon, not from what her pa said; no, I didn't take all his talk about her for gospel; I knew too much.

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But Barzelia Ann Allen (a old maid up to date) had seen her; had been out to California on a excursion train and stayed some time with 'em.

And she said she wuz the sweetest child this side of Heaven, with eyes of violet blue—big, luminous eyes that drew the hearts and souls of folks right out of their bodies, when they looked into 'em, so full of radiant joy and Heavenly sweetness wuz they.

And hair of waving gold, and lips and cheeks as pink as the hearts of the roses that clambered all winter round her winder, and the sweetest, daintiest ways, and so good to everybody, them that wuz poor and sufferin' most of all.

Barzeel wuz always most too enthusiastic to suit me. But I got the idee from what she said that she wuz a oncommon lovely child.

Good land! Elnathan couldn't talk 'bout anything else. Like little babblin' brooks runnin' toward the sea, all his talk, every anecdote he told, and every idee he set forth, jest led up to and ended with that child, jest like creeks go to the sea.

And he himself told me so many stories about her bein' so good to the poor, and sacrificin' her little comforts for 'em, at her age, too, that I thought to myself, I wonder why you don't take some of them object-lessons to heart, why you don't sit down at her feet and learn of her, and I wondered, too, where she took her sweet charity from, but spozed it wuz from her mother—her mother had been a beautiful woman, so I have been told. She wuz a Devereaux—nobody that I ever knew, nor Josiah—Celeste Devereaux.

The little girl wuz named for her mother, but they always called her the Little Maid.

Wall, to resoom, and to hitch the horse in front of the wagin agin (allegory):

Elnathan had left the Little Maid and her nurse in that Eastern city where he owned so much property, and had come on to pay a flyin' visit to Jonesville, not forgettin' Loontown, you may be sure, where a deceased aunt had died and left her property to him.

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He had left the Little Maid in the finest hotel in the city, so he said. He had looked over more'n a dozen, so I hearn, before he could get one he thought wuz healthy enough and splendid enough for her. At last he selected one, standin' on a considerable rise of ground, with big, high, gorgeous rooms, and prices higher than the very topmost cupalo and loftiest chimbly-pot.

Here he got two big rooms for the Little Maid and one for the nurse. He got the two rooms for the child, so the air could circulate through 'em. He wuz dretful pertikular about her havin' air of the very purest and best kind there wuz made, and the same with vittles and clothin', etc.

Wall, while he wuz a goin' on so about pure air, and the values and necessity on it, I couldn't help thinkin' of what Barzelia had told me about that big property of hisen in the Eastern city where he had left the Little Maid with her nurse.

Here, in the very lowest part of the city, he owned hull streets of tenement houses, old rotten affairs, down in stiflin' alleys, breeders of disease, and crime, and death.

At first some on 'em fell into his hands by a exchange of property, and he found they paid so well that he directed his agent to buy up a lot of 'em.

Barzelia had told me all about 'em; she wuz jest as enthusiastic about what she didn't like as what she did. Folks generally be. Barzelia didn't approve on't no more than I did. She said the money got in that way, by housin' the poor in such horrible, pestilential places, seemed jest like makin' a bargain with Death, rentin' houses to him to make carnival in.

And while he wuz a-talkin' to such great length, and with such a satisfied and comfortable look onto his face, about the vital necessities of pure air and beautiful surroundin's, in order to make children well and happy, my thoughts kep' a roamin', and I couldn't help it. Down from the lovely spot where the Little Maid wuz, down, down, into the dreadful places that Barzelia had told me about—where Squalor, and Crime, and Disease, and Death walked hand in hand, gathering new victims at every step, and where the children wuz a-droppin' down in the poisonous air just like dead leaves do in a dismal, reekin' swamp.

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I kep' a-thinkin' of this, and finally I tackled Elnathan about it, and he laughed, Elnathan did, and begun to talk about the swarms and herds of useless and criminal humanity cumberin' the groun', and he threw a lot of statistieks at me, but they didn't hit me. Good land! I wuzn't afraid on 'em, nor I didn't care anything about 'em, and I gin him to understand I didn't. And in the cause of duty I kep' on a-tacklin' him about 'em houses of hisen, and advisin' him to tear 'em down and build wholesome ones, and in place of the worst ones to help make some little open breathin' places for the poor creeters down there, with a green tree or some flowers, or grass now and then.

And then agin he bring up the utter worthlessness, and shiftlessness, and viciousness of the class I wuz a-talkin' about.

And then I says: "How is anybody a-goin' to live pattern lives when they are starvin' to death? And how is anybody a-goin' to enjoy any religion when they are always a-chokin'?"

And then he threw some more statisticks at me, dry and hard ones, too, and agin he see they didn't hit me, and then he kinder laughed agin and assumed somethin' of a jokeuflar air—such as men will when they are talkin' to wimmin, dretful exasperatin', too—and sez he:

"You are a philosopher, Cousin Samantha. And you must know such houses as you are a-talkin' about are advantageous in one way, if in no other. They help to reduce the surplus population. If it wuzn't for such places, and for the electric wires, and bomb cranks, and accidents, etc., the world would get too full to stand up in."

"Help to reduce the surplus population," sez I, and my voice shook with indignation as I said it. Sez I:

"Elnathan Allen, you had better stop a-pilin' up your statisticks for a spell, and come down onto the level of humanity, and human brotherhood, and kindness of heart."

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Sez I: "Spozen you should take it to yourself for a spell. Imagine how it would be with you if you had been born there, onbeknown to yourself," sez I. "If you wuz a-livin' down there in them horrible pits of disease and death; if you wuz a-standin' over the dyin' bed of wife, or mother, or other dear one, and felt that if you could bring one fresh, sweet breath of air to the dear one dyin' for want of it, you would almost barter your hopes of eternity.

"If you stood there in that black, chokin' atmosphere, reekin' with all pestilence and moral death, and see the one you loved best a-slippin' away from you, borne out of your sight, borne away into the unknown on them dead waves of poisonous, deathly air, I guess you wouldn't talk about reducin' the surplus population."

I had been real eloquent and I knew it, for I felt deeply what I said.

But Elnathan looked cheerful under all my talk. It didn't impress him a mite.

He felt safe. He wuz sure the squalor and sufferin' never would nor could touch him. He thought in the words of the hymn, slightly changed, that "he could read his title clear to mansions" with modern improvements.

He and the Little Maid wuz safe. The world looked farther off to him. The woes, and wants, and crimes of our poor humanity seemed a considerable distance away.

Unclouded prosperity had only hardened Elnathan's heart—it will, sometimes—hard as Pharo's.

But he wuz a visitor, and one of the relations on his side, and I done well by him; killed a duck, and made a fuss gen'rally.

The business of settlin' the estate took quite a while, but he didn't worry any; he said the nurse wuz good as gold; she would take good care of the Little Maid; she wrote to him every day—and so she did, the cheat, all through that dretful time to come.

Oh dear me! oh dear suz!

The nurse Jean had a sister who had come over from England with a cargo of troubles and children, after Jean had gone over to California.

And Elnathan, good-natured when he wuz a-mind to, he had listened to Jean's story of her sister's woes, with poverty, hungry children and a drunken husband, and had given this sister two small rooms in one of his tenement houses, and asked so little for them that they wuz livin' quite comfortable, if anybody could live comfortable in such a miserable, disease-breedin' spot.

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Their rooms wuz on top of the house, and wuz kept clean, and so high up that they could get a breath of air now and then. But the way up to them led over a crazy pair of stairs, so broken and rotten that even the agent wuz disgusted with 'em, and had wrote a letter to Elnathan asking for new stairs and new sanitary arrangements, as the deaths wuz so frequent in that pertikular tenement that the agent wuz frightened for fear they would be complained of by the city fathers—though them old fathers can stand a good deal without complainin'.

Wall, the agent wrote, but Elnathan wuz at that time building a new orchid house (he had more'n a dozen on 'em before) for the Little Maid; she loved all these half-human blossoms.

And he wuz buildin' a high palm house, and a new fountain, and a veranda covered with carved lattice-work around the Little Maid's apartments, and a stained-glass gallery leading from the conservatory to the greenhouses and these other houses I have mentioned, so the Little Maid could walk out to 'em on too sunny days, or when it misted some, or rained any.

And so he wrote back to his agent that he couldn't possibly spend any money on stairs or plumbing in a tenement house, for the repairs he wuz making on his own place at Menlo Park would cost over a hundred thousand dollars, and he thought, anyway, that it wuzn't best to listen to the complaints of complainin' tenants—and he ended in that jokeular way of hisen:

"That if you listened to 'em and done one thing for 'em, the next thing they would want would be velvet-lined carriages to ride about in."

And the agent, havin' jest seen the tenth funeral a-wendin' out of that very house that week, and bein' a man of some sense, though hampered, wrote back and said, "Carriages wouldn't be the next thing they would all want, but coffins."

He said sense he had wrote to Elnathan more than a dozen had been wanted there in that very house, and the tenants had been bore out in 'em. (And laid in fur cleaner dirt than the filth they wuz accustomed to there.) He didn't write this last; that is my own eppisodin'.

And agin the agent mentioned "the stairs," and agin he mentioned "the plumbin'."

But Elnathan wuz so interested then and took up in tryin' to decide whether he would have a stained-glass angel, or some stained-glass cherubs a-hoverin' over the gallery in front of the Little Maid's room, that he hadn't a mite of time to argue any further on the subject—and he telegraphed,

"No repairs allowed.

"Elnathan Allen."

Wall, Elnathan had got the repairs on his own house all made, and the place looked magnificent.

Good land! it ort to; the hull place cost over a million dollars, so I have hearn. I don't say that I am positive knowin' to it, but Barzelia gets things pretty straight—it come to me through her.

The Little Maid enjoyed it all, and Elnathan enjoyed it twice over, first in her, and then, of course, in his own self.

But the Little Maid looked sort o' pimpin', and her little appetite didn't seem to be very good, and the Doctor said that a journey East would do her good.

Jest at this time the dowry in Loontown fell to Elnathan, so they come East.

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Elnathan had forgot all about Jean havin' any relations in the big Eastern city where they stopped first. Good land! Their little idees and images had got all overlaid and covered up with glass angels, orchids, bank stock, some mines, palm houses, political yearnin's, social destractions, carved lattice-work, some religious idees, and yots and club houses, etc., etc., etc.

But when he decided to leave the Little Maid in the city, and not bring her to Jonesville (and I believe my soul, and always shall believe it, that he wuz in doubt whether we had things good enough for her. The idee! He said he thought it would be too much for her to go round to all the relations—wall, mebby it wuz that! But I shall always have my thoughts).

But, anyway, when he made up his mind to leave her, he give the nurse strict orders to not go down into the city below a certain street, which wuz a good high one, and not let the Little Maid out of her sight night nor day, on any account, and to watch her careful.

Wall, the nurse knew it wuz wrong, she knew it, but she did it jest as Cain did, and jest as David did when he killed Ury, and Joseph's brothers and Pharo, and you and I, and the relations on his side, and on yourn.

She knew she hadn't ort to. But bein' out a-walkin' with the Little Maid one day, a homesick feelin' come over her all of a sudden. She wanted to see her sister, wanted to like a dog.

So, as the day wuz very fair, she thought mebby it wouldn't do any hurt.

The sky wuz so blue between the green boughs of the park. There had been a rain, and the glistenin' green made her think of the hedge rows of old England, where she and Kate used to find birds' nests, and the blue wuz jest the shade of the sweet old English violets. How she and Katy used to love them. And the blue, too, wuz jest the color of Katy's eyes when she last see 'em, full of tears at partin' from her.

She thought of Elnathan's sharp orders not to go down into the city, and not to let the Little Maid out of her sight.

Wall, she thought it over, and thought that mebby if she kept one of her promises good she would be forgive the other.

Jest as the Israelites did about the manny, and jest as you did when you told your wife you would bring her home a present and come home early—and you bore her home a bracelet—at four o'clock in the mornin'.

And jest as I did when I said, under the influence of a stirrin' sermon, that I wouldn't forget it, and I would live up to it. Wall, I hain't forgot it!

But, tennyrate, the upshot of the matter wuz that the nurse thought she would keep half of her master's orders; she wouldn't let the Little Maid out of her sight.

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So she hired a cab—she had plenty of money. Elnathan didn't stent her on wages. He had his good qualities, Elnathan had.

And she and the Little Maid rolled away, down through the broad, beautiful streets, lined with stately houses and filled with a throng of gay, handsome, elegantly clothed men, women and children—down into narrower business streets, with loftly warehouses on each side, and full of a well dressed hurryin' crowd of business men—down—down—down into the dreadful street she had set out to find.

With crazy, slantin' old houses on either side, forms of misery filling the narrow, filthy streets, wearin' the semblance of manhood and womanhood; and, worst of all, embruted, and haggard and aged childhood.

Filth of all sorts cumberin' the broken old walks, and hoverin' over all a dreadful, sickenin' odor, full of disease and death.

Wall, when they got there, the Little Maid (she had a tender heart) wuz pale as death, and the big tears wuz a-rollin' down her cheeks at the horrible sights and sounds she see all about her.

Wall, Jean hurried her up the rickety old staircase into her sister's room, where she and Kate fell into each other's arms, and forgot the world, while they mingled their tears and their laughter, and half-crazy words of love and bewildered joy.

The Little Maid set silently lookin' out into the dirty, dreadful courtyard, swarmin' with ragged children in every form of dirt and discomfort, squalor and vice.

She had never seen anythin' of the kind before in her guarded, love-watched life; she didn't know that there wuz such things in the world.

Her lip wuz quiverin', her big, earnest eyes full of tears, as she started to go down the broken old stairs. And her heart full of a desire to help 'em—so we spoze.

But her tears blinded her.

Half-way down she stumbled and fell.

The nurse jumped down to help her. She wuz hefty—two hundred wuz her weight. The stairs jest hangin' together by links of planked rottenness fell under 'em—down—down they went, down into the depths below.

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The nurse wuz stunted, not hurt.

But the Little Maid, they thought she wuz dead, as they lifted her out. Ivory white wuz the perfect little face, with the long golden hair hangin' back from it, ivory white the little hand and arm hangin' limp at her side.

She wuz carried into Katy's room; a doctor wuz soon called. Her arm wuz broken, but he said after she roused from her faintin' fit, and her arm wuz set—he said she would get well, but she musn't be moved for several days.

Jean, wild with fright and remorse, thought she would conceal her sin and get her back to the hotel before she telegraphed to her father.

Jest ez you thought when you eat cloves the other night, and jest as I thought when I laid my Bible over the hole in the table-cover when I see the minister a-comin'.

Wall, the little arm got along all right, or would, if that had been all; but the poison air was what killed the little creeter.

For five days she lay, not sufferin' so much in body, but stifled, choked with the putrid air, and each day the red in her cheek deepened, and the little pulse beat faster.

And on the fifth day she got delirious, and she talked wild. She talked about cool, beautiful parks bein' made down in the stiflin', crowded, horrible courts and by-ways of the cities, for the poor to rest in.

With green trees under which the children could play and look up in the blue sky, and breathe the sweet air; she talked about fresh, dewy grass on which they might lay their little hollow cheeks, and which would cool the fever in them.

She talked about a fountain of pure water down where now wuz filth too horrible to even mention.

She talked very wild; for she talked about those terrible, slantin' old houses bein' torn down to make room for this paradise of the happy future.

Had she been older, words might have fallen from her feverish lips of how the woes, and evils, and crimes of the lower classes always react upon the upper.

She might have pictured in her dreams the dramas ever bein' enacted in the pages of history—of the too-sorely oppressed masses turnin' upon the oppressors, and drivin' them, with themselves, out to ruin.

Pages smeared with blood might have passed before her. And she might have dreamed—for she wuz very delirious—she might have dreamed of the time when our statesmen and our law-givers would pause a while from their hard task of punishin' crime, and try their energies on avertin' it.

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Helpin' the poor to better lives, helpin' 'em to justice, takin' the small hands of the children and leadin' 'em away from the overcrowded prisons and penitentiaries toward better lives.

When charity (a good creetur, too, charity is), but when she would step aside and let justice and true wisdom go ahead for a spell.

When co-operative business would equalize wealth to a greater degree; when the Government would control the great enterprizes needed by all, but adding riches to but few; where comfort would nourish self-respect, and starved vice retreat before the dawnin' light of happiness.

Had she been older, she might have babbled of all this as she lay there, the victim of wrongs inflicted upon the low, a martyr to the folly of the rich, and their injustice toward the poor.

But as it was, she talked only with her fever-parched lips of the lovely, cool garden.

Oh, they wuz wild dreams, flittin', flittin' in little, vague, tangled idees through the childish brain.

But the talk wuz always about the green, beautiful garden, and the crowds of little children walkin' there.

And on the seventh day (that wuz after Elnathan got there, and me and Josiah bein' telegraphed to).

On the seventh day she begun to talk about a Form she saw walkin' in the garden, a Presence beautiful and Divine, we thought, from her words. He smiled as He saw the happiness of the children. He smiled upon her; He wuz reaching out His arms to her!

And about evenin' she looked up into her father's face and knew him; and she said somethin' about loving him so, and somethin' about the beautiful garden, and about the happy children there. And then she looked away from us all with a smile; and I spozed, and I always shall spoze, that the divine One a-walkin' in the cool of the evenin' in the garden, the benign Presence she saw there happy in the children's happiness, drew nearer to her and took her in His arms. For the good book says: "He shall carry the lambs in His bosom."

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That wuz two years ago. Elnathan Allen is a changed man—a changed man.

I hain't mentioned the words "surplus population" to him. No, I hain't the heart to.

Poor creetur! I wuz good to him as I could be through it all; and so wuz Josiah.

His hair got white as a old man's in less than two months.

But with the same energy he brought to bear in makin' money, he brought to bear on makin' the Little Maid's dream come true.

And, poor creeter! a-doin' it all under a mournin' weed; and if ever a weed wuz deep, and if ever a man mourned deep, it is that wretched man.

He tore down them crazy, slantin', rotten old houses, and made a park of that filthy hole—a lovely little park, with fresh, green grass, and a fountain of pure water.

He set out big trees (money will move a four-foot elum). There is green rustlin' boughs for the birds to make nests in, cool green leaves to wave over the heads of the little children.

They lay their pale faces in the grass, they throw their happy little hearts onto the kind, patient heart of their first mother, Nature, and she soothes the fever in their little breasts, and gives 'em new and saner idees.

They hold their hands under the crystal water droppin' forever from the outspread wings of a dove. They find insensibly the grime washed away by these pure drops, their hands are less inclined to clasp round murderous weapons and turn 'em toward the lofty abodes of the rich.

They do not hate the rich so badly, for it is a rich man who has done all this for them.

The high walls of the prison, that used to loom up so hugely and threatenin'ly in front of the bare, old tenement houses, the harsh glare of them walls, seem further away, hidden from them by the gracious green of the blossomin' trees. The sunshine lays between them and its rough walls. They follow the glint of the sunbeams up into the heavens.

A Night Watch in the River

THE SONG THAT SAVED A LIFE

By Elizabeth W. Bellamy

IT WAS high noon of a July day some forty years ago; the midsummer sun shone hot upon the fields, and hot upon the straggling road that climbed the hills, stretching away to the northward far as the eye could reach; but a breeze came up from the south, a lazy, half-hearted little breeze, idling about the honeysuckle that clung in a tangle around the broad piazza of a great white house, upon one of the lesser hills of western Georgia.

The doors of the house stood hospitably open, letting the air down through the wide hall, where the mistress of Wynhope plantation sat knitting. She was an elderly woman of unwieldy size, but her face was the face of a saint. Her silver hair was combed away from her low, smooth forehead, and fastened at the back in a tight little knot. A ruffled cape of sheer white lawn was crossed over her ample bust, and the skirt of her purple gingham dress came down upon the floor, hiding her crippled feet.

A stout and handsomely carved ivory-headed staff rested against an iron hook affixed to the arm of her chair; but the use of the staff was not for walking, seeing that Mrs. Wynhope had not stood upon her feet in fifteen years, and could not move without assistance. When her ball of cotton dropped to the floor, as it had a way of doing, the staff was convenient to poke into wakefulness a little negro boy, snoring on the door-mat; and when she was alone she rapped upon the floor with this trusty bit of oak to summon any attendance she required.

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The great hall clock, ensconced in the niche of the stairway, was hoarsely clanging out twelve, when Jericho, contending with the kitten for the ball, which had rolled out upon the piazza, espied, far down the road, two wayfarers on horseback.

"Comp'ny, ole miss! comp'ny!" he announced. Company, he knew, was always welcomed in that house; moreover, it was safe to guess the destination of the travelers, for few people journeyed that long, lonely road without intent to stop at the Wynhope place.

"Ole miss" lifted her mild eyes, and at a glance recognized the prospective guests. "Run, Jericho," she commanded, "and tell Sheba to make a pudding for dinner, and tell Tiffy to set two extra places at table, and tell Cassy to draw some fresh water, and tell Constantinople to come for the horses. Run, I say!"

But Jericho did not run. "Who you mek out dee is, ole miss?" he asked, staring open-mouthed.

"Miss Salethea, of course," answered "ole miss," "and her brother Joe. Don't you hear me tell you to run?"

Jericho obeyed now with alacrity, for Miss Salethea's brother Joe was the one white boy of his acquaintance, and he made a cartwheel of himself all the way to the kitchen door for sheer delight. Having delivered his messages to the cook and the housemaids, he darted away in search of Constantinople, and by the time Miss Salethea and her brother rode up he was atop of the big carriage gate, ready to swing it wide open for their entrance.

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Miss Salethea's pretty face was hidden in the obscurity of a green gingham sunbonnet, stiffened with pasteboard and finished with a cape that hung down over her shoulders almost to her waist. A voluminous skirt of brown cambric protected her dress; it was tied in front and lapped securely over her knees. Without removing the big leather mittens which she wore over a pair of knitted gloves, the girl gave a dexterous twitch to the strings of this convenient riding gear, threw it open, and left it in the saddle as she lightly dismounted, unassisted. For Joe, a shock-headed, freckled lad of twelve, in a faded summer suit, ill-fitting and much outgrown, was too deeply interested in information Jericho was glibly imparting to remember anything so insignificant as a girl, even if his own sister.

"Rabbit hole down in de holler, ter' side de branch, sho'!" said Jericho.

"Reckon we c'n git him?" inquired Joe eagerly.

"Brer Quash, he got a mighty peart rabbit dog," Jericho made known; and while the preliminaries of a hunt were being settled between these two, Miss Salethea ran into the house.

"Why, how d'ye, Aunt Savannah?" she cried, half-way up the steps. There was no relationship, but the greater part of the county honored Mrs. Wynhope with this title because they loved her.

"Glad to see you, Salethea," Mrs. Wynhope responded, with a welcoming smile. "Come right in."

Salethea, pushing back her huge sunbonnet as she stooped to kiss the old lady, revealed a pretty, dimpling face of that milky fairness which betokens freckles; and of freckles Miss Salethea Partridge had such a horror that she would never sit in an open hall without the protection of her sunbonnet; so when she had bestowed her kiss, she pulled the shield of her beauty over her sleek, red-brown hair again, and dragged forward a rocking-chair, into which she dropped with a sigh of hearty satisfaction.

"Gracious! But ain't I tired, though! Eleven miles on horseback! Now, guess what I've come for, Aunt Savannah."

"To make a good, long visit, I hope."

But Salethea did not reply to this, for at the moment a tall, comely yellow woman entered, bearing a waiter, on which stood a blue china pitcher and two glasses.

"Why, how d'ye, Cassy?" the girl exclaimed. "Goodness knows I'm glad to see you, for I am just dying of thirst. You well, Cassy?"

"I'm tollable, Miss Salethy, I thanky, ma'am," Cassy responded. "An' how's yo' maw an' yo' paw, an' all ter yo' house?"

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Salethea emptied her glass before she answered:

"All tip-top. Do, for pity's sake, Cassy, get me a fan."

Before Cassy returned with the big turkey-tail that hung, handy for company, to the knob of the parlor door, Joe clattered in, Jericho at his heels, both of them bent on unearthing the rabbit in the hollow beyond the creek.

"Yes'm, I'm well," Joe answered, in response to Mrs. Wynhope's kindly greeting. "C'n me 'n' Jerry get Quash's dog 'n' go down to the branch-hollow? Jerry says as how there's a rabbit there——"

"Gracious!" exclaimed his sister. "There isn't a sign of a rabbit anywhere about our plantation, I suppose?"

"Hit's a mighty uncommon big rabbit," Jericho interpolated.

"But, child," objected Mrs. Wynhope, "dinner will be ready now directly."

"Don't want dinner," Joe declared. "I'll go by the kitchen 'n' get a chunk o' bread"—Joe pronounced it "brade"—"'n' meat. C'n Jerry go, Aunt Savannah?"

"Oh, for pity's sake, yes! And a good riddance to you!" cried Salethea, fanning herself. "I want to talk to Aunt Savannah. And be sure you are back here an hour by sun, Joe," she called after her vanishing brother; "you know I'm bound to ride on to Colonel Wyatt's."

"Why not stay all night with me?" Mrs. Wynhope asked. "I'm all alone, for Malcolm has gone to Woodridge."

"Couldn't! Couldn't! I'd like to, best in the world, but I have to see Lucy Wyatt on business—same business I came to see you about." And Salethea drew her chair nearer. "Say, Aunt Savannah, I'm going to be married a week from to-day."

"Salethea! Are you not joking?" Mrs. Wynhope inquired rebukingly.

"Cross my heart, solemn sure," Salethea made answer, with a giggle.

"Isn't it—sudden?"

"Yes, it is kind of sudden," Salethea admitted; "but, you see, Lonny won't wait any longer."

"Lonny?" Mrs. Wynhope gasped. "Why, Salethea—I thought you had broken with Alonzo Husted three months ago? They told me you had engaged yourself to Aleck Brent, that young stranger who bought the Ashby place." And the old lady bent her searching eyes upon the girl, but was baffled by the sunbonnet.

"Oh, that's at an end," Salethea explained hurriedly. "You see, Lonny and I made it up about three weeks ago—and I can't marry both of 'em, you know."

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"Well, to be sure," sighed Mrs. Wynhope, who, having no daughters herself, had long ago made up her mind that the ways of girls were past finding out. "So it is to be Alonzo Husted? Well, Salethea, I wish you may be happy."

"There! I just knew you would," replied Salethea. "And one reason why I'm satisfied to have the wedding now is because you can come to it. The roads are good, and the river is down; the water wasn't much above the mare's knees when we forded this morning. I came just on purpose to ask you, for you know I've always said you must come to my wedding. It will be so convenient for you, too, because Elder Jackson is going to preach at Locust Ridge Church on the Sunday after, and as you always go to the summer-time preaching, you can stay with us over Sunday, don't you see?"

"Yes, child, I see," Mrs. Wynhope answered, "and I'll come, God willing."

"The wedding will be on Thursday, you know," pursued Salethea, "and Ma wants you and Mr. Malcolm to come over on Wednesday."

"Well, I thank your mother kindly; tell her I'll come if I live till Wednesday."

For Mrs. Wynhope had never allowed her affliction to prevent her going among her neighbors, and she was always a welcome guest, notwithstanding her dependence upon the ministrations of others.

When the sun was well in the west, Miss Salethea departed to confer with her chosen bridesmaid; her brother followed with the rabbit slung to his saddle-bow, and he counted his day well spent; but Jericho's "Brer Quash," who had marked that rabbit for his own, confiscated the jew's-harp and the two fish-hooks which Joe had bestowed on his partner in the hunt; the dog was worth his hire, Quash said, and Jericho howled behind the woodpile.

Mrs. Wynhope superintended the baking of three great cakes to grace the bride's table, and somewhat late on the afternoon of the appointed Wednesday was ready for her trip. On account of her crippled condition and unwieldly size she had long ago discarded her carriage for a wagon, the panels at the back of which could be removed for the convenient lifting in and out of the chair in which, since the accident had disabled her, her life by day was spent. She had discarded her carriage driver, also, for Malcolm—her one living child—would allow no one but himself to hold the reins when his mother went abroad. He could not lift her in and out of the wagon without assistance, but the certainty of finding, wherever they went, ready help among their friends, made it unnecessary to take a man with them on their visits to neighbors.

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Having adjusted the wagon-cover so as to screen his mother, and yet leave her an easy outlook upon the bright midsummer world, Malcolm drove forth, Jericho, on the gate-top, waving a farewell.

From the Wynhope plantation over to the Partridge place the way was long, and lonely, and rough; moreover, there was the river to cross by fording.

But the turbulent flood that forbade ferrying in the winter months, and was apt to overflow its steep banks widely in the spring, shrank, in the dry, hot midsummer to an insignificant stream, easily forded.

They met no one along their lonely way until within about two miles of the river, when they encountered old Major Brown, in his buggy, returning from the county town. The Major was the most genial of gossips, and Malcolm, though the sun was low in the sky, halted his horses with the very natural desire to hear what news might be stirring in the county. Major Brown, as ready to tell as Malcolm to listen, had checked his horse at the first glimpse of Mrs. Wynhope's well-known wagon ascending the hill.

"On your way to the wedding, eh?" said Major Brown. "Well, you're wise to take time by the forelock."

"That's the only plan for me," replied Mrs. Wynhope. "The Partridges insisted that I must spend to-night with them."

"Well, that's good. I'm expecting to grace the occasion myself, but I'll start about this time to-morrow. That's a prime team you're driving, Malcolm. Same old reliables, eh?"

"Same old reliables. They know they are pulling my mother as well as you or I do. They are trusty."

"Well, that's good. Say"—leaning forward with an air of importance—"we came near having lively times at Rodney Court House to-day."

"How was that?" Malcolm asked eagerly, and Mrs. Wynhope bent her head to listen better.

"Know the young fellow from North Carolina that bought the Ashby place?"

"We've never seen him," Mrs. Wynhope answered. "At least, I never have."

"Name of Brent; yes, I've seen him," said Malcolm.

"He and Alonzo Husted had some words together to-day."

"Dear! dear!" lamented Mrs. Wynhope.

"What about?" asked Malcolm.

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"Well," said Major Brown slowly, "outwardly it was the line fence. Looks as if there was bound to be a quarrel, somehow. Young Brent is hot-headed. I don't take much stock in him, though it seems kind o' hard to say it of a stranger. But Alonzo is fiery, too. He is in the wrong about the fence, and he must know it."

"Maybe there's something else besides the fence," ventured Malcolm.

"Trust you young fellows for tackling the facts when there's a girl in the case!" cried the Major, with a ringing slap on his broad knee. "They do say that Salethea Partridge is at the bottom of the trouble. She broke off with Alonzo, you know, and engaged herself to Brent; and now she's broken with him all of a sudden to marry Lon. That's it."

"Ah, well, don't let us be too hard on the girl," sighed Mrs. Wynhope. "She is young, yet."

"She is old enough to know better," the Major declared. "But, sakes! What else can you expect of a woman?" he added with a wink at Malcolm, for Major Brown was a bachelor. "I dare say she's not ill-pleased to have two young fellows sparring about her. I wasn't a witness of the dispute to-day, I'm thankful, but it seems Husted began it. There was a deal of unhandsome talk, back and forth, and it might have come to worse, but the boys interfered and walked the belligerents off separate ways. It ain't going to be healthy for 'em to meet again in a hurry; but by good luck they'll be traveling different roads from town, for Husted is going to his Uncle Joel's to-night. He was powerful aggravating, by all the accounts, and that young Brent ain't one of your forbearing kind, so they say. But I must be jogging, and so must you if you are to reach Partridge's in good time to-night. You're a bit late. So farewell to you. Head your horses a little up stream, Malcolm!" the Major called back, as he drove briskly down the hill.

"All right!" Malcolm answered at random, hearing the Major's voice, but not at all understanding his words.

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The sun had set when he arrived at the ford, and the short Southern twilight was fading fast when his horses stepped into the cool, clear water.

Midway in the stream the wagon stuck fast in a hole that had recently washed there. It was not deep; the water was but little over the hubs of the wheels, but the horses were unequal to the task of extricating their burden. Malcolm dismounted, and arming himself with a pole picked up from the bank, pried at the wheels, but exhausted his strength to no purpose. There was no habitation nearer than six miles, nevertheless he shouted lustily, in the hope that some chance wayfarer might hear; but a faint echo from the hills was the only answer to his repeated call. The dusk was now gathering and the stars were peeping out.

"Alone in the wilderness!" sighed Malcolm. "No help for us."

"Oh, yes, there is," said his mother. "Take out the horses and ride on to Mr. Partridge's. Better ride them alternately, poor beasts, they are so tired; and in the morning you can bring a fresh team and some of the men——"

"But you——?" stammered Malcolm.

"I shall stay here," she replied placidly.

"Alone? Here?"

"Certainly. It is a beautiful night, and God keeps watch. I shall not be afraid."

Her son, knowing her habit of simple trust, ceased to question this decision; he kissed her and obeyed.

When the sound of the horses' feet died in the distance, Mrs. Wynhope was alone in the midst of the water, wrapped around by the shadows of a moonless night and helpless as a babe. As the darkness gathered and the stars trooped out, those passages of the Bible that tell of "the night season" came without effort into her mind, appealing to her heart with a force and sublimity never before realized. So far from feeling afraid, she enjoyed a sense of absolute security; and so, having said her prayers, she calmly composed herself to sleep.

After some hours she awoke. By the stars visible through the opening in the wagon-cover, she judged that the night was far spent, though there was, as yet, nothing of day. In her own room at home, when she awoke in the night, she usually heard the hall clock strike two before she dropped asleep again, and so it may have been about that hour when she awoke, "alone in the wilderness." Yet not afraid. A sense of exaltation took possession of her, and she began to sing. Often, in the watches of the night at home, had this desire to praise God in song come upon her, but the fear of disturbing others had withheld her; in this isolation there was nothing to forbid. Her voice was tuneful still, and full of power, despite her infirmities, and she sang joyfully:

"Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah."

The strain flooded the still air with a Heavenly rapture, and died away in the depth of the wood. An owl hooted in the distance, and a fox barked; but the lone singer, undismayed, began again:

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

When next she paused, there was a measured splashing of the water—some creature had entered the stream.

Listening attentively, Mrs. Wynhope discovered that no wheels followed those steps in the water, and as they were approaching from behind the wagon, they could not be the signal of her son's return. "My being here," thought she, with benevolent satisfaction, "will save some poor creature from stumbling and drowning in this hole."

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Nearer and nearer came the steps, and presently they stopped abruptly beside the wagon. The steps were unmistakably those of a four-footed creature, but a man's voice exclaimed, in a startled whisper:

"What's this?"

Mrs. Wynhope did not know the voice, but she answered unhesitatingly:

"It is Mrs. Savannah Wynhope." Her name was so well known throughout that part of the State that even a stranger might be acquainted with it.

"Merciful Heaven!" ejaculated the voice. The owner thereof, riding around to the side of the wagon, peered in, and by the dim starlight Mrs. Wynhope beheld a face she had never seen before, a boyish, beardless face, but haggard with a strange passion and intensity of fear.

"Was that you singing?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Weren't you afraid, all alone here?"

"No, I was not afraid; I sang, rejoicing in the Lord. He will protect us always."

"But how came you here?"

Mrs. Wynhope explained the situation.

"I am afraid—horribly afraid," said the young man, in low, shuddering tones.

"Then take shelter with me," said Mrs. Wynhope. "There is room in the wagon."

Hastily tying his horse to the wagon, he crawled within, and lay at Mrs. Wynhope's feet, shuddering. "Refuge! Refuge!" he murmured.

Mrs. Wynhope did not ask his name; he was a fellow-creature in distress, and that was enough for her to know. Softly she repeated some verses of her favorite psalm: "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge. He shall cover thee with His feathers. Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night."

"Ah, 'the terror by night,'" the stranger gasped. "Has any one passed this way?"

"I do not know. No one passed before I fell asleep, but I must have slept long."

"It is about two o'clock," he said. "I struck a flint and looked at my watch by the light of the spark in the wood over there, when I heard you singing. I could not believe it was a human being. I thought it might be my mother, and she is dead." A violent fit of shuddering seized him.

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"And you were afraid?" Mrs. Wynhope asked pityingly.

"Horribly afraid."

"Poor boy!" she sighed.

"A great horror and dread came upon me suddenly," he said. "But it is all over now; and when it is light I will go on my way a different man. Hark! What is that? Some one is crossing!"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wynhope. "Some one is crossing farther up stream."

With a stifled groan the stranger crouched closer to her feet, and lay silent until the splashing of the water ceased to be heard. "I am not afraid any more!" he declared; then, with a long-drawn sigh: "But, oh, it was horrible!"

"If you have escaped a danger," said Mrs. Wynhope gravely, "give God thanks."

"I do! I do!" he answered with fervor.

After this they were silent, but with the glimmer of the dawn the stranger roused himself with a very strong effort of will.

"I must go away," he said. "But I bless you for the hymns you sang—the hymns my mother loved. Some day I will come to you and tell you my name and my story, but until then, I pray you, keep this meeting a strict secret."

"It shall be as you wish," Mrs. Wynhope promised.

Her unknown guest did not cross the river, but went back the way he came. About an hour later Malcolm Wynhope arrived with a fresh team and some helpers.

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"I hope you had a good night, mother?" he inquired anxiously.

"I had a very good night," his mother replied. "I slept and woke, and dozed again. Some one crossed, late in the night, higher up the stream."

"Yes, I know!" said Malcolm quickly. "It was Alonzo Husted. He stopped at Mr. Partridge's, instead of going on to his uncle's. He told me that he saw the wagon, but he thought it might be an ambush."

"An ambush?" queried Mrs. Wynhope.

"Yes. He admits that he wasn't blameless in that quarrel with young Brent, and Brent, they say, is just the sort to lie in wait for his man, and be deeply sorry for it ever afterward."

But Mrs. Wynhope kept silence.

She never saw young Brent again, for she died suddenly about a week later.

•

Long afterward Aleck Brent made known to Malcolm Wynhope the story of that night watch in the river.

"When I heard that singing in the stillness of the lonesome wood," he said, "I thought it was my dead mother's voice raised in warning against my evil intent, and all at once I was horribly afraid, not of the blessed dead, nor of the living, but of the demon in my own heart, the demon of murderous rage whose hideousness I did not know until I followed the sound of the singing and found, in the middle of the river, a woman, crippled, and helpless, and alone, yet serenely unafraid because her righteous soul could trust in God. I dared not tell her that I had been tempted to lie in wait for the life of the man who had angered me that day in town. I owe her the saving of my soul."

The Lesson that Eustace Learned

THE WINNING OF MADGE GREY

By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop

"I CAN'T see why you don't fall in love with Madge," said Sumner.

"Oh, she hasn't got any 'snap' about her!" answered the young man to whom he spoke.

"What is 'snap'?" Sumner asked.

"You know, well enough. Why, I can read Madge like a book; and a short and dry one at that."

"Of course, a girl with 'snap' is very nice, indeed," Sumner admitted, as if thinking aloud. He crossed his slippered feet, and crept down into the depths of his easy chair. "It's nice to sit by and watch 'snap' snapping. But I should think women who shine by their wits would have to go off and sleep in order to sparkle and creep upon you later, like cats. I'm afraid your mysterious women are feline, and mighty dangerous."

"The idea of anything feline being dangerous!" scoffed Daggett. "Perhaps some men might be hurt by unexpected claws, but I'm too much of a cynic to be caught. Even if I fell in love you couldn't make me trust a woman—because I couldn't be charmed by any woman I could trust!"

"Except Madge," suggested Sumner.

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"Oh, of course. I tell you, Madge is like an open book. She has not subtlety enough to cheat you over a single thought, nor ingenuity enough to butter her own bread. She would find she had been buttering her neighbor's instead."

"I'll assure you of one thing," Sumner remarked energetically. "There are loads of girls who would fill your bill."

"Not in a town like ours," Daggett declared, with the indignation of prolonged hunger. "There isn't even a pretty girl——"

"Except Madge," again threw in Sumner.

"Oh, drat Madge!" the other young man cried. "She is all the more provoking because, with traits that fascinated, she might be so attractive. But as I do not need to depend solely upon this place, I will be up and off for Boston to-morrow."

"I would congratulate you," responded Sumner, "if I had the least notion that your plan merited congratulation. I don't want to croak, but I feel that you are showing temerity, Eustace."

Daggett was leaning forward with his elbows on his knees.

"I could be rattled by nothing except your disapproval, Jim," he confessed.

Sumner stretched out his legs more stiffly toward the fire. Then he drew back into a sitting posture, and glanced around slyly at his young visitor.

"I think you'll come back outside of your coffin," he said.

"I shall come back in triumph!" asserted Daggett. "You've got so mossy in this out-of-the-way place, Sumner, that you can't conceive of brisk action, followed by a flourish of victory!"

"Yes, I can," cried Sumner; "and I can see your scalp carried at Victory's belt! But I'm going to believe that you will return to me alive, my boy."

"It's an odd thing, of course, to see a man of twenty-one going out into the world to learn his 'A B C' of life," Daggett growled as he walked. "Just think how the Bostonians will marvel that I can't tell a William Hunt from a Corot, or Beethoven from Chopin—always! Imagine how they'll borrow money of me, and then snub me. And how the girls I meet will ask me no end of questions about country life."

"Right here let me give you a 'pointer,' Eustace," Sumner interpolated. "Make up to the mammas—there safety lies."

"Now, Jim, you needn't think that I'm going to launch into deceit and diplomacy with the utter sophistication you would reveal if you entered society to-morrow. I am going to like openly the people I like, and avoid the people I dislike; pay court to those I adore, and remain cool to mammas about whom I do not care a rap."

"But when you get to be as old as I am," replied Sumner, who was thirty, "you'll agree with me that theories can no more fit one for life than the best-built city in the world can argue itself into standing up straight when the earth chooses to shake. You theorize about men and women, and meantime they'll all proceed to carve wrinkles on your brow. But you won't be advised by me, oh, no! That wouldn't do!"

•

Sumner got up and moved over to where Daggett stood, looking at the great whirling flakes of snow. "Yet, in spite of all, Eustace, I will bear testimony to this"—his tone had changed and deepened—"the world, and men, and women, may be very wicked, and very cruel, but I have always found life precious, the world beautiful, our kind noble. Make matters so that you can say the same at the end of five years."

Daggett looked at the snow, motionless. He was thinking earnestly this afternoon.

"Well, I must be going," said he.

As there were no really pretty girls in Wellstead ("except Madge"), there is no use in giving its precise locality. But it is quite a ride from Boston; and since Sumner had gotten through with his law studies at Cambridge, he had settled down to business in stern independence of all urban attractions. As Daggett had departed, to stay through the rest of the winter, it was with peculiar interest that Sumner opened his first letter from the young fellow.

When he sat down to dinner with his lively old aunt, who kept house for him—or for whom he kept a house—he said:

"I've heard from Eustace at last."

"Humph!" replied Fredrika Sumner. "How do a fool's letters read?"

"Tolerably well," affirmed her nephew. "He is delighted with his new life. He says people look at him with wonder because he talks good grammar with a soft accent, and does nothing *gauche*. So much for his father's giving him tutors who were gentlemen. The number of beautiful women is astonishing him, and, in brief, he has decided that life is to be found only in the city. Outside, the world sleeps."

Fredrika caught up the soup-ladle.

"Sleeping, are we? We're the very heart of the oak! When he comes to the home of his fathers, a weary shadow after his city life, we'll ask him who's the freshest, he or the people who work and pray."

"I know; but he means the life of the intellect and the heart."

"Oh, well," she rejoined, "it's like scarlet fever. He's got to have it—this *furore* of admiration for the quips and throes of petty intellect and selfish heart. I hope the attack won't leave him deaf or silly, as it does so many little souls. The idea of finding intellect that really knows, or heart that really sacrifices, anywhere but in the hard seclusion of a student's life, or the earnestness of a wise home!"

"I will tell him what you say," rejoined Sumner dryly.

"You can. Tell him that real life and clear, cold water are to be found together; and that wine and madness, and fine clothes and the devil are never far apart. And you may add that the unregenerate are wickeder in cities, and the elect are more distinctly elect in the country. We will see what Eustace says when he comes back with all his illusions entirely erased."

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"Permit me to suggest, my dear aunt," Sumner grumbled, "that for us poor mortals it is always a case of the frying-pan or the fire, or the superior relief, once more, of the frying-pan. It says nothing for the country, that towns are disappointing."

"You do love to suggest the bitter truth!" cried Fredrika Sumner.

"One thing is certain," rejoined James Sumner, "Eustace will not find such a girl as Madge in Boston or New York. She is the prettiest and sincerest creature I ever beheld. Of course, his father was a fool to talk to the boy so much about her before he died, as if he wanted Eustace to marry her."

"And, of course, Eustace will do so in the end," the old lady sniffed, "in spite of his high and mighty airs toward her at present."

"Do you think she cares at all for him?" asked Sumner, with head bowed low.

Miss Fredrika pursed up her features into about a thousand wrinkles, and screamed: "No!" But just then the servant brought the information that Madge was at the door to know if Sumner had yet heard from Eustace. Miss Fredrika got her body into a comical attitude of bouncing rage.

"Madeline Grey," she called, knowing that her voice would reach the girl, "aren't you ashamed to interrupt my meal with such uninteresting questions? Come in, and have a chicken-wing!"

"No," called back a clear, beautiful voice. "I'm on my way to the sewing-circle, and I'm half late. Good-by, then!"

Sumner ran out, regardless of his aunt's bony wrapping on the table with her fore-finger. In a moment he came back smiling.

"I suppose you're laughing secretly at getting yourself answered," Fredrika shot at him, nodding very fast. "Now, you are entirely mistaken in your conclusions, my dear James. Madge inquired for Eustace Daggett out of charity, as one would ask how a drowning man is."

Sumner became serious.

"I don't think she knows she loves him," he quietly answered, "but she does."

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Daggett was walking across the upper part of Boston Common, from Beacon Street to the Music Hall. Beside him stepped something fair in the way of a young woman, who looked happy and healthy-hearted, as only Boston young women can look—to Bostonians. One remarkable thing about the girl was that her brown eyes were almost half-covered by the upper lids, or, rather, seemed to lift themselves up beneath her lashes; and the white next the warm glow of the irises was a blue white.

"Oh, you poor fellow!" remarked the girl. "Haven't you ever heard anything of Berlioz's yet?" She hummed "There was a King in Thule."

Daggett said, as a matter of course, that he was glad he should hear some of the "Faust" music first with her.

In the hall itself they separated—Inez Mallory to go to the seat next her mother's, which she had possessed year in and year out at the symphony concerts, and Daggett to retire to the best substitute for a good seat which the Music Hall stranger can find—that is, a niche against the wall. He looked at Inez—whose profile he could occasionally see in the concourse of faces—with extreme satisfaction. It was the most subtle face he had ever known. It was refreshing to know that you could never get to the mystery of the girl's personality, like a novel which you could re-read without exhausting. She was a Liszt in the art of life, knowing all the best harmonies of extraordinary senses, and playing them with an intricate grasp almost beyond analysis, making your blood run cold with her audacious sallies upon your heart, and narrow escapes from discord.

Her mother sat beside Inez, the sphinx, like a pyramid. Daggett thought, with awe, of the time and the slaves it had taken to make her. And somewhere, far within the labyrinth of her splendid expansiveness, was stowed away, according to tradition, a soul—a shriveled, black spot, like a buried Pharaoh, under a mammoth dignity.

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Mrs. Mallory might be very unprepossessing and imposing in more senses than one, but she nevertheless asked Daggett to come home to tea.

She still had gently convex purple glass in her windows, and she still had a two-o'clock dinner, although many modernites had crossed her threshold in the way of hangings, and Millets, and parvenus. Daggett was permitted to be intimate, because his father had been the late Mr. Mallory's companion on a tour round the world, thirty years before.

Eustace's father, long before his death, had ceased to feel a spark of enthusiasm about the Mallory family, for out of it old Mallory had died. This was ten years after he had married into the precious confines of his wife's traditions, on an easterly day, which gave the keynote to his subsequent frozen joy—a joy full of Beacon Street elegance, violet glass, and Colonial ramrods. Eustace had looked up the old friendship, and Mrs. Mallory had investigated the state of Eustace's property.

There was a bright fire on the hearth when they all pressed into the front parlor from the bitter blast of the dusky hour outside, and Inez sank down in a cozy manner upon a big hassock which stood behind the ornate Louis Philippe fender.

It seemed to Daggett that they were all doing nothing; that they were constantly on the lookout for what other people were doing, as one stands around at a fair.

The ladies had picked up another young man on the way out of the Music Hall—an artist, Barham Monnies. You could make a good story of Monnies' evolution from nothing, and his work bore you out in your patronage by being good; so he was handled hither and yon like any curio.

"Yes," said Monnies, "we artists are all at work looking over a thousand costume-plates. It will be the historic fancy-ball of the town, and the fair dames will go down to posterity as two perfections in one—themselves and somebody else! You, Miss Inez, must be——" He stopped, looking at her helplessly, while she smiled upon him as she would have smiled upon an unclassified object in a museum. "You must go as a flawless beauty!" he declared.

"It might be safe to try it," she calmly replied, "if you would design my attire!"

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Monnies blushed with both pleasure and suspicion, for, look as he would, he could not master the problem of the girl's eyes.

It is never agreeable to be present when some one else is wooing. Daggett stamped his foot and joined in the conversation:

"How would Cleopatra in the dress of a Roman lady do? There's a portrait or statue of her like that."

"Cleopatra has been in such queer society of late!" objected Inez, scowling in a straight black line of the eyebrows. "I will go as Titania, dressed in white velvet overlaid with gold and silver net, into which diamond spiders, and stars, and other jewels, are caught, with a mantle of silver gauze and gold net in alternate stripes, fastened at the shoulders with quivering dragon-flies of gems, and my wand shall be—if I could only borrow the baton of the wonderful, but lost, Nikisch of the Symphonies—how he attunes those men who play for him, because he leads them at the tip of his fairy wand!"

"He is Oberon himself!" Daggett acquiesced. "I long to see you as Titania!"

"In the capacity of him of the long ears—the appreciative Bottom?" laughed Inez, with a gaze from her absolutely quiet eyes.

The suggestion promptly gored Daggett's heart. Was he to hold only such a foolish moment of her attention as Bottom had held of the fairy queen's?

"Oh, well," he said, "if you will try to persuade me that it is asinine to admire 'faultless beauty,' I will prove to you the nineteenth century ass can win all the same!"

Mrs. Mallory came back just then. Inez rose slowly to leave the room, her hat in her hand. But she slipped sideways to the piano-stool, as she was passing it, and played a fragment of the symphony they had just heard. Her wide-brimmed hat rolled upon the floor beside her, and the two young men rushed for it. Eustace was successful in catching the hat, and he handed it to her with quite an air of devotion. She ignored Barham Monnies, and she pointed to one of her shell-like ears, quoting, with a mischievous twitch of the lips:

"I have a reasonably good ear for music."

Her forcible gaze turned upon Eustace for a moment, and then she was gone.

Left side by side, Eustace and Monnies exchanged glances. That of Monnies was unveiled, baffled and disrespectful, while that of Eustace was earnest and proud.

Tea was very pretty, and the things on the table which were not to be eaten were a great feature. There were dishes designed by Raphael—Urbino ware; and there was silver that was almost ghostly in its delicacy of outline and close association with the long dead. There was plenty to eat, indeed, even for two young men who had good appetites, although they were rivals in love.

But in the midst of these visible and invisible luxuries Daggett said to himself that it was no wonder the brother of Inez, Hammond Mallory III, ran away to the clubs from his great-grandmother's teacups and from his great-grandfather's Copley portrait.

However, as they were discussing where he might be, Hammond came in, rosy and dark-blue-eyed, tall and gallant, and he pulled a chair up to the table and asked for cold roast beef.

Mrs. Mallory was one of the few mothers who could, with any degree of sincerity, scold an only son.

"Not one mouthful of anything," she announced. "You know I do not allow you to drop down at the table in this fashion! Do you pay less respect to your mother's house than to an inn?"

But the man-servant flitted in and out of the butler's pantry as softly as a moth, and Hammond was cutting his unctuous beef and tossing off his wine, before his mother had ceased to splutter, with evident relish.

•

Eustace and Monnies breathed with deeper zest. It was apparent that the portraits and egg-shell china, with cobweb monograms, would go to the ash-barrel some day, even by the wish of a Mallory.

"I went up to your town yesterday," Hammond said to Eustace.

The latter was intensely surprised.

"Yes," Hammond went on. "Your coming along made me reflect that my father gave me a hundred acres in that region.

"Yes, I know the property," responded Eustace. "The land lies along the river, and is famous for arbutus."

"We will go on a hunt for it in the spring," Inez said, who was more like a child than a siren in her brother's presence.

"Your friend Sumner took me over there," young Mallory proceeded, favoring Daggett altogether with his attention. "I liked Sumner. I liked—a great deal there."

He now spoke with effort, but mastered his nervousness. "I nearly frightened the Greys out of their senses, merely by showing my face. They thought I intended to sell the property, of which they have a conditional lease."

"I'm glad you speak as if you've no idea of it," replied Eustace.

"Who are the Greys?" asked Inez.

"This time it is not a case of 'who' but of 'what,'" answered her brother. "The Greys are nobodies, I think, but they are extraordinarily interesting."

"I fancy there must be a Miss Grey," suggested Barnham Monnies neatly.

"Madge Grey—oh, yes," said Eustace. "She is deliciously pretty, and you would want to paint her, Monnies."

"Shall he paint her, Hammond?" Inez asked slowly.

Hammond transfixed his sister with a frank glance.

"You mean, shall I marry her, and one day order her portrait? I wish I were so lucky as to say it shall be!" He drank coolly from a goblet of water which flashed out of its cut-glass facets like the rainbow, and jumped to his feet with a flourish of his napkin. "I'm sorry I must be excused." He bowed, and in a trice was gone.

•

Eustace Daggett spent the next three weeks busily. He experienced (and was disappointed in) many choice pastimes which were their own punishment in being banal. The electricity of mad enjoyment averted itself from him as though he were standing upon non-conductors. Usually to the new life, a living scene, actual grasps of the hand and eye-shots, intoxicate independently of the order of their vintage, so to speak. All is illusion and charm, because all is life. But either Eustace Daggett was too noble, or a thought too old, to begin now with folly and take it for wisdom. In fact, he marveled that dissipation should be so sad a business. So he determined to marry Inez and take her abroad.

Inez seemed not unfavorable.

At the fancy-dress ball she appeared as an orchid, in lavender and pink and white silk—smoke it looked like. Her eyes were the dark spots. She carried a bouquet of orchids, which she outshone. Barham Monnies hovered about her in such a way that it was soon rumored that they were engaged. Daggett took her to task. He asked her if she had forgotten she was seriously considering his offer of marriage.

"Oh, don't get carried away!" she answered. "Don't feel so feelingly!"

"But you know I am nothing of the kind—'carried away'! I am plodding along in solid earnest," he expostulated. "I am precisely as I have been since I first met you, except I am dumfounded to see you treat that fellow with the most intense mercy!"

"I don't care for him."

"He thinks you do!"

"You are silly. Of course, he thinks so."

"Why 'of course'?"

"You begin so near the beginning!" She hid her lips among her orchids, laughing. "I shall go on like this for years," she told him, raising her head again, and looking at him with her half-covered, motionless eyes. "Men will think I love—but they will find I refuse them."

Eustace grew faint.

"Why?" he asked.

"My amusement. Do you think we young women have no intention of making life attractive? If you were not so childish and so genuinely nice, I would not explain all this; but you have touched my sympathies!"

•

Daggett looked straight before him; he did not know that he was doing so. Suddenly he became aware that Hammond Mallory was approaching, in full conversation with a beautiful girl in Greek costume.

"I thought," said Hammond to Daggett, bowing in splendid spirits, "that you would be delighted to see Miss Grey here to-night!"

The beautiful girl was Madge. She might have been Tadema's ideal.

"Oh, Madge—Hammond—I'm feeling—Inez has——"

"Good gracious, Eustace! Brace up, my dear fellow," Mallory said in his ear.

Madge followed, a living picture, or rather a dozen pictures in succession. She grasped Eustace's arm affectionately.

"Why, my dear child," he cried, trembling, "how it surprised me to see you! How did you come here?"

"I begged her to come," interposed Mallory. "Miss Fredrika Sumner is somewhere here, too!" His elation crushed Daggett still more.

Something, somehow, suggested to Madge that the very best thing she could say just then was the truth.

"They asked me to surprise you, Eustace. And I consented because I wanted to see the society you have praised so much in your letters to Mr. Sumner."

"How entrancing you are as a Greek, Madge!" Daggett exclaimed.

"Come, he'll flatter you to death," Mallory told her, looking a shade less radiant. "I will get you salads or ices. *Au revoir*, Eustace!"

There could be no doubt that Mallory was making love to Madge by rapid measures. So Daggett went home to Wellstead the next day. He had been at home a week before any one in the village knew of it. Then he sauntered into Sumner's room.

•

"By all the tales of witchcraft!" burst from Sumner's lips.

Daggett sat down, his hat in his hand.

"It's good to hear your voice again, old chap," he said. "Get up and take a walk with me, over Sagamore Hill."

"All right," Sumner answered, becoming more alert. He turned upon Daggett, who was by no means as buoyant or stalwart as when he had started for good old Boston, a couple of months earlier. "By Jove, Eustace, I've missed you horribly!"

They shook hands. Then they set out for Sagamore Hill. Their steps turned up to a crest of high land rising only on one side of the river. At the highest level they turned and feasted their eyes upon the splendor.

"I believe Mallory did not sell off his land to any one," Daggett remarked.

"Oh, no."

"How smoothly he fell in love with Madge!" observed Daggett.

"Did he? I wonder if he offered himself to her! You know her going to town was all my work."

Daggett replied by a silence that could almost be heard.

Sumner went on: "Of course, he was delighted with her even at first sight. But Madge—I saw her yesterday—is still as free as she is true."

Two ruddy brown setters vaulted over the ground toward them. Daggett recognized them at once as Madge's Bark and Echo. Their eyes were full of the fact that their mistress was about to appear. And then she was really there—coming up from a little ravine, hedged with juniper.

"What folly to be roaming in a cold solitude like this!" Sumner growled out.

"You should learn to take tea at five!" she answered. And then she looked more directly at Daggett. "Eustace, I am afraid the illness which attacked you at the ball has been illness indeed!"

"I suppose it might be called only that," he said, trying to speak in an off-hand way. "They broke my heart, over there in the city, as easily as they pinch geraniums!"

She turned from the sunset light. She began to move away, the dogs leaping up from her feet to her waist. All at once she looked back, with a sad smile, and said:

"I will never let my heart break!"

Eustace, with bright eye, sprang to her side, and Sumner descended the hill alone.

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A Lincoln Statue at Gettysburg

THE passage by the Senate of the United States recently, of a bill appropriating $50,000 for a statue of Abraham Lincoln, at Gettysburg, represented the performance of a duty too long neglected, says the New York Mail and Express. In calmer times this bill would doubtless have attracted more attention, and probably have created an opportunity for some oratory of the wholesome sort, no longer open to the objection of sectional resentment. In the absence of this, and because of the patriotism which to-day is asserting itself without challenge in every State of the Union, it becomes a duty to direct popular attention to the favorable action upon this measure.

That an adequate statue of the great emancipator should not ere now have been erected upon this memorable field—as memorable for Southern heroism as for that Northern victory which foreshadowed the preservation of the Union—is, of course, to be regretted as an omission. But regret is profitless. It is better to reflect now upon the peculiar appropriateness of the proposed memorial.

No spot within the borders of this broad land has a stronger claim to a Lincoln statue than has the field of Gettysburg. Not only because of the decisive character of the battle there waged is this claim valid. It is most fitting that upon this field, graced by innumerable monuments and statues reared by various States in honor of their dead, there should rise, in imperishable bronze, the figure of the man who constituted the very storm-centre of the Civil War; whose tears were not less for the brave men of the South than for the heroes of the North; whose great heart yearned for peace with a tender longing known to few save himself, and who upon this spot, while the blood of thousands still dyed the torn earth, gave utterance to that speech which has become a classic in English literature, and a beacon of hope and faith for the Republic in ages to come. Gettysburg, without its statue of Abraham Lincoln, is incomplete.

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Our Consular Service

A RECENT order of the Secretary of State places under a modified civil service about three-fourths of our consular offices. It affects all Consuls whose salary is not less than one thousand dollars, and not more than twenty-five hundred dollars. In view of this, the standing and duties of a United States Consul are worth noting. A Consul is a commercial officer of our Government who exercises also certain diplomatic functions. In addition to his consular commission he often carries a letter of credence for his diplomatic capacity.

A Consul's first duty, however, is to facilitate and extend commerce between the countries sending and receiving him. He must exercise certain police powers over his own countrymen living abroad, and he must protect them from wrong at the hands of foreigners. He has authority to receive protests or declarations which captains, masters, crews, passengers, merchants and others make in relation to American commerce. When foreign laws permit, he is required to administer the estates of American citizens dying within his consulate, and having no American representatives. He is required to take charge of standard American vessels in the absence of their owner, master or consignee. He must settle disputes between masters of vessels and mariners, and must provide for destitute seamen within his consulate, and send them to the United States. Though in his commercial capacity he has other duties, the above are his chief functions. A Consul is nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate. Before entering on his duties he gives bonds. Few nations refuse to receive Consuls sent by other friendly nations, yet it is usual, and safer, to have the admission of Consuls arranged by treaty.

A Consul's exequatur is the approval of his letters, and other credentials, by the ruler to whom he presents them. The Government to which he is sent may also suspend his functions at any time. A Consul, although he has special privileges in accordance with local laws and usages, has not the immunities of an Ambassador or a Minister. In civil and criminal cases, for example, he is subject, like other foreign residents, to the local laws. While he holds office he has the right to protection according to the laws of nations, and the treaties in force between the United States and the State to which he is sent.

The United States sends Consuls to more than fifty different countries. Great Britain with her colonies receives the largest number—not far from four hundred. Roumania and Bolivia are at the foot of the list, with one each, while near the middle are Russia, Portugal and Brazil, with twenty, twenty-two and twenty respectively.

The highest salary paid is five thousand dollars, and there are hardly more than fifty consulships of which the salary exceeds twenty-five hundred dollars.

A Consul ought to be a person of executive ability, of good education, and he ought to speak and understand the language of the country to which he is sent. Not all Consuls possess these qualifications, and for a long time the need has been felt of reform in the Consular service. Special orders have been issued, though seldom obeyed, directing that the appointment and promotion of Consuls should be governed by examination. Bills having this aim have been unsuccessfully introduced into Congress. The recent order is very definite and will undoubtedly be carried into effect.—New York Observer.

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Urgent Need of Naval Reform

WHILE the Jingoes in Congress persist in their attempts to force the hand of the Administration so as to bring on a conflict of arms with Spain, their neglect of the most ordinary preparations for modern war is painfully apparent. Even if, with the addition of the recently purchased ships, our Navy should prove sufficiently strong to cope with such a Power as Spain, there are not enough engineers nor seamen to man our vessels.

For years an effort has been made to bring the naval service into harmony with the revolution in naval construction, by placing the Engineer Corps on an equal footing with the line in the matter of promotion; but, in obedience to a spirit of caste, Congress has stubbornly resisted such effort, notwithstanding the obvious fact that, in the modern Navy, the engineer is the most important and the most responsible officer on board of a ship-of-war.

While the highest ranks in the Navy are open to the line officers, the best engineers, who have devoted their lives to the development of naval architecture, are barred from promotion by a blind and stupid conservatism in Congress. As a result, it would be necessary, in the event of war, to secure the voluntary services of engineers in the merchant marine, who would be wanting in the experience of naval engineers.

As another consequence of the spirit of caste, in this democratic Government, which rigidly confines all promotions in the Navy to the graduates of the line from the Naval Academy, spirited young American seamen are reluctant to remain in a service in which they have no hope of attaining a higher rank than that of a petty warrant officer.

This is what explains why apprentices in the naval schoolships leave the service, as soon as they become able seamen, and enter the merchant marine, where the highest positions are open to merit. For the fact that foreign seamen constitute too large a proportion of the crews of American ships-of-war, much of the blame rests entirely on Congress, says the Philadelphia Record.

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In Memory of Lafayette

CONGRESS has been asked to appropriate $50,000 for the erection of a monument to Lafayette, to be presented to the French people, and set up at some selected place in Paris, says the Chicago Times-Herald. It is a creditable movement, tardily begun. One need not reflect that the French intervention which Franklin finally secured in 1778 was induced by a hope that Louis might regain the Canadas, or at least some of his older possessions in America. Lafayette had drawn his sword in the Colonial cause almost a year earlier.

Americans need not remember the quarrel with France which so quickly succeeded the winning of our own independence. Lafayette was America's friend always. In 1824 he came again to the United States, and spent more than a year in the nation his generous hand had helped to establish. His memory is entitled to all the honors which this later—but not less grateful—generation can pay.

There is something peculiarly attractive in Lafayette's espousal of the American cause. He was less than twenty years old, a nobleman of wealth, when at his own expense he fitted out a ship and tendered his sword and his fortune to the Colonies. Doubtless, also, he brought more than a material aid, and Washington did not overrate him when he added the gifted Frenchman to his personal staff.

It is not likely Lafayette was actuated by anything but noble motives. True, on his second visit to the United States—or, rather, just before his departure for home in 1825—Congress gave him twenty-four thousand acres of land and $200,000 in money. But that was almost half a century after the service was rendered. His act seems to have been as disinterested as the proof of recognition was graceful and appropriate.

But in this day, when another century is closing, it would be well to link together the two great Republics by such bond as a Lafayette statue, presented by Americans and erected in France, might supply. The "Liberty" in New York harbor is more than an expression of sentiment. It is more than a gift from one nation to another, or from one artist to a distant city. It is an advance toward that better-knitted universal brotherhood, the crowning of which shall make forever impossible the waste and the woe of war. And this tribute to General Lafayette is another step in the same direction.

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The Inauguration Date

TWO important amendments to the Federal Constitution are proposed. One provides for the election of United States Senators by the popular vote; the other, for a change in the date for the expiration of the terms of the President, Vice-President, Senators and Representatives, from March 4 to the last Wednesday in April, says the Public Ledger. The amendment, if it is adopted, would take effect in 1901, and would extend the term of office of the present Administration nearly two months.

The purpose of the proposed change is to defer inauguration day to a more genial period of the year. It would extend the short session of Congress nearly two months, and give greater importance to the "short term."

The Constitution makes its own amendment difficult; the purpose of the founders was that the fundamental law should not be changed for light and transient reasons. They could not foresee the necessities of a growing country for all time, and therefore provided for the revision of the Constitution by such a method as would clearly indicate the desirableness of change. Whenever two-thirds of both Houses deem it necessary, Congress shall propose amendments, or on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which in either case shall be valid when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof.

The Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections recently ordered a favorable report to be made to the Senate on the amendment referring to the Presidential term, and inasmuch as the proposition has been under discussion in the popular forum for years, and with little dissent, it is not unlikely that the amendment will now be submitted to the Legislatures.

The country has been exceedingly conservative with respect to alterations in the organic law; the Constitution, with the few modifications introduced, has been wonderfully elastic, and adaptable to the needs of popular government for more than a century. The proposed innovation is a matter of detail which does not affect fundamental principles. It could be introduced without great inconvenience, and without violently disturbing our conservative habits. The extension of the terms of the existing Administration, for a few weeks, is quite unimportant. Only the blindest partisan zeal would oppose the amendment on this ground.

The Congress of the old Confederacy adopted a resolution fixing the first Wednesday of March as the day when the new Government should go into operation. The day fell upon March 4, and that date became thus fixed for the beginning of the Presidential term. It so happened, however, that Washington was not inaugurated on that day. Owing to a delay in securing a quorum in Congress for the counting of the first electoral vote, it was not computed until early in April. Washington was not notified of his election until April 14, and he was not sworn into office until April 30, 1789. The date fixed by the proposed amendment for the inauguration of the next President, April 30, has an illustriously historical, if not a strictly legal, precedent to favor its adoption by our nation.

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Man's Debt to His Country

WISEST and best of all the marks of a true patriot is the possession and the practice of an intelligent interest in the public affairs of his country, says a writer in the North American Review. Hopeless in the face of overwhelming majorities of selfish and self-seeking masses of men, blindly following a leader to whom they hand over the exercise of what is supposed to be their will as expressed by their votes, too many men of influence and character have withdrawn themselves from all concern in the administration of the Government. And it is the attitude of cowardice and immorality.

Conspicuous instances of failure in the attempt to bring about a better condition of political management are no doubt most discouraging; but ultimate and not immediate success is the wise expectation of thoughtful men. And, meanwhile, no forlorn hope was ever led by the kind of man who loses heart in the face or in the fear of failure. And personal duty is not to be measured by this rule. A man owes to his country even his life, if the sacrifice is demanded; and he owes the services of his time, his intelligence, his interest, his participation in high public affairs—himself in every way.

Modern Science Condensed

REVELATIONS OF RECENT DISCOVERY

A SINGLE banyan tree has been known to shelter seven thousand men at one time.

TEXAS will have no timber in fifteen years if the present rate of cutting one billion feet a year continues.

THE University Press at Oxford has appliances for printing in one hundred and fifty different languages.

THERE were fought two thousand, two hundred and sixty-one engagements during the War of the Rebellion.

PEOPLE should never go in the early morning to get boots and shoes fitted. In the latter part of the day the feet are at their maximum size.

A GOLD-WEIGHING machine in the Bank of England is so sensitive that a postage-stamp, dropped on the scale, will turn the index on the dial a distance of two inches.

TELEGRAPH wires will last for forty years near the seashore. In the manufacturing districts the same wires will last only ten years, and sometimes less.

TAKING the world over, there is an average of one death and one and a quarter births per second. Only one-half of all born into the world live to the age of seventeen years.

ONE of the latest things in surgery is the practice of embalming an injured limb as a substitute for amputation. It is claimed by Dr. Reclus, of Paris, that much more tissue is thereby saved.

UNDER the influence of hashish, it is said, you know neither time nor space, and that if you have your thoughts on some place you have never seen you obtain a clear and accurate image of it.

GREEN rests the eye; resting the eye often means rest to the nerves; and the refreshment of the eye is as necessary to comfortable life as the renewal of the other bodily forces by food.

THE area of the British colonies is 8,000,000 square miles, that of the French 3,000,000, of the Dutch 660,000, of the Portuguese 206,000, of the Spanish 170,000, of the German 99,000, and of the Danish 74,000.

DIAMONDS may be black as well as white, and some are blue, red, brown, yellow, green, pink, and orange; but there is no violet diamond, although, in addition to amethysts, there are sapphires, rubies and garnets of that color.

THE Lake of Uramia, in Persia, contains more salt than any other body of water in the world. On analysis the water has been found to contain even more salt than the Dead Sea, which holds twenty-six per cent., or eight times as much as the ocean.

DOCTOR LERNER, of Zurich, by chemical and mechanical means practically supersedes the silkworm, and spins from such raw material as cotton waste, jute waste or wood pulp a thread which even the expert eye can hardly distinguish from that of the natural cocoon.

THE powder used in big guns is queer-looking stuff. Each grain is a hexagonal prism an inch wide and two-thirds of an inch thick, with a hole bored through the middle of it. In appearance it resembles nothing so much as a piece of wood. If you touch a match to it it will take fully seven or eight seconds to go off.

THE Russian courts have reversed the assumption of the American tribunals that when a husband and wife are drowned in the same disaster the wife dies first. The Russian doctors have testified unanimously that the man would be the first to die, because the woman is more agile and keeps herself longer above the water.

ACCORDING to a writer in a French scientific paper, ducks fed on acorns, which they will eat ravenously, not infrequently lay black eggs. The reason is that their egg-shell is naturally rich in iron, and this combines with the tannin in the acorn to produce a good fast black. The same paper states that if fowls are fed on boiled lobster shells they will lay bright red eggs.

ATTEMPTS have recently been made in France by Prof. Alfred Binet to "measure memory." One of the experiments consists in reading a series of figures to the subject, at a regular speed of about two per second, and observing how many can be repeated without error in the order in which they were given. The faculty of voluntary attention is, of course, called into play in this experiment. Children from six to eight years old retain, on the average, five figures; children ten years old, six figures, and adults, seven figures.

THE astonishing and inhuman possibility of building up living animals from parts of several animals has been demonstrated by Dr. C. Born, a German physiologist. The experiments were made with tadpoles and other larvæ of amphibians. Each of these were cut in two, and different parts were placed together in various ways, when some of them united, the hind more readily than the fore parts. Two hind parts, each with or without a heart, united in twenty-four hours, the monstrosity living and growing for a week or more after being united.

With the French in Africa

THRILLING ADVENTURES WITH THE NATIVES

By William Stamps Cherry

THE last three months [June, July and August, 1897] have been full of excitement. To begin with, I was on a buffalo hunt. It nearly cost me my life. It was bright moonlight, one of equatorial Africa's splendid tropical nights after a hot day. I had gone to bed and was sleeping soundly, when one of my men, Samba Sena, awoke me. He told me there was a herd of buffalo down the river a short distance.

The water of the Congo is low now, and the grass has begun to grow where the water rose when the river was at its high-water mark. The buffalo had come down to feed and drink. Quickly dressing, we started for the scene of the hunt. After walking for about half an hour we came upon three of the animals feeding by the river's bank. As we got close to the game the negro became so excited that before I could restrain him he had fired. The animals ran away.

Farther down the river we heard elephants breaking down the trees to eat the leaves and small branches. So we went down there, crossing a swampy place in order to get down to the river's bank. We had not been there many minutes before a big elephant came out of the bushes, not far from us, and went slowly down to the river to take a drink of the shallow water.

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I had scolded the negro for firing too quickly the last time, and now cautioned him not to fire until I said so. We made a circuit and got in between the bush and the elephant. When we were within twenty steps of the animal he had finished drinking, and as he started to leave the river was surprised to find two strangers in front of him. I told Samba to take to the left as soon as he had shot and go for the river. I intended going to the right toward the river. I tried to get the position of his eyes, but could not in the darkness. Just then the negro fired. As I could see the tusks I judged the position of his eyes and fired a second after the negro had shot.

The elephant charged like a cannon-ball. Samba lost his head entirely; he grabbed me by the shoulder, whirled me around and nearly jerked me off my feet, and instead of going for the river made for a big tree. I started for the river, making a circle to get there, with the elephant after me. I had not gone ten steps before I went into a swamp hole. I fell forward and buried my gun and my arms to the elbows in the mud and water.

I realized that I was trapped, but as I had disappeared so completely the elephant went right over me, and tried to get the negro, who had made for the tree. As quick as the elephant had Samba up the tree he turned and disappeared in the bush. I dropped my glasses in falling, and came back the next morning to see if I could find them. After a long search they were unearthed. After viewing the distance to the river from the position we were in when we fired, I am confident I could never have made it, and would be in the happy hunting-grounds if I had not fallen.

The last day in June I was seriously hurt by falling down in an African man-trap in one of the Bandjeau villages. We had now left the Congo, and we were steaming up the Mobangi River. As the boat approached one of the Bandjeau villages the natives all ran away. I started to go to the village, which was among a dense growth of banana and palm trees. The path I took was through long grass, but well worn. I had not gone far when my foot went down in a hole and struck something sharp at the bottom.

My heart seemed to come up into my mouth. I knew what I had fallen into, but I commenced to scratch the leaves out of the hole. Sticking out of the bottom were three sharp sticks about the size of your little finger and running to a sharp point. It was one of those ugly holes with poisoned sticks. A cobra bite is not much more dangerous. My foot had gone down hard, and one of the sticks had gone through my rubber, the only thing I had on my foot, and stuck deep into my heel. I had difficulty in removing it.

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I started back to the boat as fast as I could hobble, and, as I was very much excited, got off the path and went down in another man-trap. This was a large one, some six feet deep. These holes have short spears sticking out of the bottom to catch the victims. I don't know how I fell not to strike them, but I did not even get a scratch. I have been in one for an elephant before. But a man in falling in these man-traps would not, once in a thousand times, get off as fortunately as I did.

Getting out as best I could, I hobbled to the boat and made a bee-line for my surgical case. I put a tight bandage on my ankle, cut open the wound to make it bleed freely, and then injected concentrated ammonia into the wound with a syringe. I then washed the wound with bichloride of mercury. I slept most of the time after that for ten days. It was unpleasant to do anything else. I slept by means of chloral and morphine, and at the end of ten days I was able to touch my foot on the ground again.

Two weeks after I was hurt I began my guard duty at night with the other white men. Negro sentries are also on duty, but they cannot be trusted, as they go to sleep. I went on guard until 2 A. M. I could hear the elephants going through the bush and feeding on the other side of the river; a gorilla kept up his wha! wha! wha! back in the bush, and the night birds were flying about in confusion, evidently being disturbed by the monkeys. This is the land of numerous monkeys. We were on the east bank of the river, and the bush was very dense right up to the river's bank. On shore the native soldiers and wood-cutters in our expedition were sleeping around the dimly burning camp-fires.

Shortly after 2 A. M. I retired, and had just fallen asleep when I was awakened by yells of terror from panic-stricken men back on shore. They jumped into the water and swam for the boat, followed by a howling lot of Bandjeau natives. As the men clambered on the boat those on board fired at the enemy, and then all was still; the Bandjeaus had gone.

We then went on shore to ascertain the extent of the damages. We found two men had been badly speared. One of them died shortly after being brought on board.

These Bandjeau natives do not kill men for the sake of killing them; they have an object. They hunt men like an American hunts a deer, and they are far prouder of killing a fine fat man than an American of killing a fine big buck. These natives hunt for their prey at night, and combine cunning, daring, experience and sharp spears with the ferocity of the man-eating tiger.

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In the morning we got up steam to proceed on our journey. We had not gone a thousand yards before a number of canoes came out of the swamp, on the other side of the river, and made straight for our old camp. They came to look after the men they had killed.

About two miles above our camping-place was a village. Our commandant decided to burn it. The village was situated on a bluff some two hundred feet high, with almost a perpendicular descent to the river. The bluff, which was of red sandstone, had rough stairs cut in the stone so the natives could ascend or descend to the river. The natives collected along the edge of the bluff as we steamed up, the warriors exclusively being present, all the women and children having hidden in the bush.

We steamed to the far end of the village as the men with their spears had collected there in the greatest numbers. I counted over two hundred. We went up within one hundred yards or so. Our soldiers were all sitting down with their guns hidden by the gunwale in front of them. The soldiers were ordered to fire a volley at them, but they were so excited I don't think they hit a single man. I saw the commandant hit one of the negroes. He fell like a rabbit, killed instantly.

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One brave fellow was running along the bluff covering himself with a shield. The centre of the shield presented a good target, and a few seconds after he was struck. The negro turned half round and tried to throw his spear. It hardly left his hand. Then with a convulsion and desperate struggle to stand, as though by his will he would conquer death, he threw his shield far over his head and fell in a heap. He was dead. In five minutes not a man was in sight. For a few moments after the first volley the men collected on the banks, about five hundred yards below the other end of the village. It was slightly elevated and presented a view of the village. Their curiosity was soon satisfied with lead balls.

We climbed the cliff, and the burning soon commenced. The people were doubtless surprised, as their houses were open, and before several there were pots of guanga boiling, and various other things cooking for their morning meal—perhaps the guanga to sell to the white man. In going into the houses, the first one I entered was the village blacksmith. He was doubtless a renowned maker of spears and knives. There was some of his work, and lots of bellows, crucibles, and other apparatus. His home was large, and filled with the wealth of the people.

At last I found the den of the Mingonga, or medicine man. In front of his hut was a fetich of skulls of all sizes and ages. I found in this hut the witch hunting-dress—it was made of long grass, with a cap of monkey skin with long hair down the centre of the crown—a lot of paint—the poison that answers as the cup of hemlock once did to the Greeks; also a lot of other medicine, apparatus and fetiches. Nearly all the huts had dozens of pots of various sizes, and in many of the huts I found clay and the tools to make them.

These people have their vocations and trades as we have. The fisher devotes his time to fishing, and in his hut I found nets with the mesh the pattern of our European nets. There was also a large quantity of dried fish. These people raise good corn and store it in their houses. We found many bushels in a single place.

The natives had left the village completely in our possession. They did not know that a lot of women might have scared every mother's son of a Sengalese soldier to death, and a few men with good spears could have prepared a good banquet of us three white men without very great exertion. Why, they had us at their mercy a hundred times while we were in the village. I was taking photographs and walking around in advance of the Sengalese soldiers who were burning the houses. As the streets only ran one way, one end facing the river and at right angles with it, the other end opening up to the dense bush at the back, when we were at the far end of the village and the end of the streets close to the bush, if a number of Bandjeau women had hid in the bush, and had said "Boo!" I am positive the Sengalese would have run as though Lucifer were after them. They have more horror of the Bandjeaus than of a dozen guns.

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Toward evening we went into camp on a sandy beach about two hundred metres long, and backed by dense bush. We had not been there long when we heard talking in the bush, and thought the natives were in force, or they would not be so open about it. We had to chop some wood, so the skirmish line of guards was put out. At dark all the soldiers and woodcutters came running to the boat with the same panic they had shown the night before. The cause, as we found afterward, was three soldiers of the Congo Free State that had deserted and hidden in the bush. It seemed they would rather run the chance of being killed by the Bandjeaus than stay with the Belgians. They gave us a good scare.

The next day the natives watched us from their canoes and shore. We kept them at a distance by shooting at them when they came within reach of our guns. That evening we anchored in the vicinity of the village where they had killed the twenty-one men, and took their guns. We anchored in the middle of the river and maintained a double guard. I retired very late, but was soon brought out of bed with my gun in hand (I always sleep with my gun across my breast) by the firing of a lot of guns simultaneously. This kept up for some little time and then all was quiet.

In about an hour we saw a big canoe coming toward the boat. The men on board were all prepared to let them think they were surprising us, and when the boat got close enough we were to fire a volley at them, but before we fired we were hailed in French. A short conversation soon informed us of the proceedings on shore.

The administrator, Mr. Comt, of Banga, had left Banga the evening before, at four o'clock, with the intention of burning the village where the twenty-one men had been killed. He had about thirty-five Sengalese soldiers with him, and one white man. He arrived at the village shortly after midnight, and for some reason did not wait until dawn, as planned, but fired on the village as quick as he arrived. The explosion of the guns, all in the same direction, overturned the canoe and spilled all of them in the water, three or four fathoms deep and about ten yards from shore. Some of the soldiers swam to shore with their guns, but others lost them. Those who managed to reach the shore with their weapons, fired at random to scare off the Bandjeaus. Half a dozen Bandjeaus could have killed the whole outfit. But the Bandjeaus ran away after throwing a few spears. The soldiers at last righted their canoe, bailed out the water and tried to find out the extent of the damage. The administrator, Mr. Comt, was missing. They waited for an hour, but no administrator. Mr. Comt was gone. Then, at last, they found we were anchored in the middle of the river and came out to us.

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We at once went on shore and took possession of the two villages. Not a Bandjeau showed himself. We searched up and down the river for Mr. Comt, but he was gone. At that time we thought the Bandjeaus had speared him, or captured him as he came to the shore, or that he had been drowned. At dawn we burned the villages and several hundred canoes.

We remained all day at the village, and at last left a guard at the place of the accident and steamed to Banga. We went back in the morning to look for the body down the river, but night came on again and he was still missing. The cannibals or the crocodiles had had a French dinner. Mr. Comt was gone forever.

July 24 we went to burn a village on a small river just below Zonga Rapids that flows into the Babangy. I was to attack it from the water side while the commandant was to go through the bush and attack it from the rear. I reached the village about dawn. This was the time set for the attack, but I was to await the beginning of the land force just below the village. They had not begun. Morning, noon and afternoon went by without any sign of an attack. I held my position until five o'clock, and then decided that I could not stay in that narrow place all night with three villages in sight.

I had been shot at during the day with quick-firing guns. This was a surprise, and must have been the guns they took from the twenty-one men killed at the village we had burned two weeks ago. I went back to the post thinking that something serious had happened to the land force. I reached the post as the land force returned. They were a sick-looking lot. They had started at twelve o'clock the preceding night, but had not gone far before they lost their route. After falling all over themselves, and getting badly cut and bruised, they found themselves at dawn lost in an African jungle. After being on their feet more or less the entire day they fortunately managed to reach the post at nightfall, before breaking down.

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We are going to try the plan over again. Something must be done or the post in this neighborhood abandoned. The Bandjeaus keep the ore men here scared all the time. You never know where to look for a Bandjeau. They come to the post nearly every night. Sometimes attack it openly. Sometimes kill a sleepy guard. You can not always keep an eternal vigilance. So these people must be taught a lesson.

But to teach them a lesson is a big question to the post here. There are five or six villages within four or five hours' march of the post. You can go there and burn these villages. That is all. As you approach, the people all run away and hide in the bush, and after you finish burning the village you will not have been gone twenty minutes before the natives are back again. It is nothing to them to have their houses burned. They are getting worse daily, and they will be the worst enemies in the world in a short time from now.

The next day our plan of attack was successful, and we destroyed the village completely. Since the attack on this place we have been constantly at war with the Bandjeau natives. We have burned seven more villages, shot at a few thousand, taken a few prisoners, and raised trouble generally.

A few days ago (August 6) a native brought us the news that the body of Administrator Comt had been found, a few miles below the place of disaster, by the people of a village located twenty miles from here. He was found the third day after the drowning. The native who told us comes here to sell corn occasionally, and he did so on this mission. He said the negroes had the revolver that was found on Mr. Comt's body, and also said the skull of the white man was a big trophy, and they would keep it as a fetich. The Frenchmen here have offered a reward for the recovery of the skull, and hope to get it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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Words of Brilliant Writers

THE GREAT QUESTIONS OF LIFE

MANHOOD.—Obedience, submission, discipline, courage—these are among the characteristics which make a man.—Samuel Smiles.

REGENERATION.—A man may beat down the bitter fruit from an evil tree until he is weary; while the root abides in strength and vigor, the beating down the present fruit will not hinder it from bringing forth more.—John Owen.

FIDELITY.—A certain sober judgment ought to mark Christians. They should be like the needle in the mariner's compass, not like the pendulum which, within its limited range, is always going from one extreme to another.—Herbert M. Melville.

MOTIVE.—It is not the motive, properly speaking, that determines the working of the will; but it is the will that imparts strength to the motive. As Coleridge says: "It is the man that makes the motive, and not the motive the man."—James McCosh.

MODESTY.—I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself by now and then finding a smooth pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.—Sir Isaac Newton.

IDLENESS.—An idle man has a constant tendency to torpidity. He has adopted the Indian maxim—that it is better to walk than to run, and better to stand than to walk, and better to sit than to stand, and better to lie than to sit. He hugs himself into the notion that God calls him to be quiet.—Richard Cecil.

VIRTUE.—Virtue is not a mushroom that springeth up of itself in one night when we are asleep, or regard it not; but a delicate plant, that groweth slowly and tenderly, needing much pains to cultivate it, much care to guard it, much time to mature it in our untoward soil, in this world's unchantable and unkindly weather.—Doctor Barrow.

Men and Women of the Time

CLOSE-RANGE STUDIES OF CONTEMPORARIES

Captain Mahan, the Greatest Naval Writer Captain Alfred T. Mahan, who has recently gone abroad, is known in England as well as this country as "the greatest living naval writer." He was born in New York in 1840. During the war he did valiant service in the Atlantic and Western Gulf squadrons, and at the war's close he was commissioned as Lieutenant-Commander. Four years ago he was feted and lionized by the English in London. Great Britain waxed enthusiastic over the Captain's work, The Influence of Sea Power upon History from 1660 to 1783. This was published in 1890, and was followed by The Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire, and Admiral Farragut. Captain Mahan so clearly showed that the real power of a nation comes from its sea strength, and pointed the moral so vigorously by references to Great Britain, that the people admired his courage, his cleverness, his justice. Honors were heaped upon him. He was banqueted in London upon the Queen's birthday. England's greatest military and naval men assembled to do him homage, and the conservative University of Cambridge, in the same year, (1894), conferred upon him, in token of appreciation, the degree of LL. D.

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Prince George as the New Governor of Crete From present indications there is little doubt that the European Concert will appoint Prince George, of Greece, as Governor of Crete.

Prince George is the second son of King George I, and younger brother of the Prince Royal, Constantin, Duke of Sparta, who made such a fiasco of his attempt to whip the Turks a year ago in Thessaly, says the Evening Lamp. George is very different from his brother Constantin, and the Greeks think that if he had been at their head, instead of the heir-apparent, the ambassadors in Constantinople would now regulate what tribute the Porte should pay Hellas.

But, unfortunately, Prince George is not a soldier; his training has been in the Navy, where he now ranks as Frigate Captain. He also holds the commission of Lieutenant in his grandfather's Navy. His grandfather, King Christian IX of Denmark, is very proud of Prince George, whom he had educated almost under his own eye. So from his father's ancestors he inherits his love for the sea. His mother, before her marriage in St. Petersburg, in 1867, was Olga Constantinovna, Grand Duchess of Russia.

Prince George was born at Corfu, June 24, 1869. He is a strapping big fellow, over six feet in height, handsome, and of great muscular strength. His brothers, Constantin and Nicholas, who is a Captain of Artillery, are much smaller. It is no wonder that the Greeks, under the influence of the memories of the heroes of ancient Hellas, should admire him above the other members of his family. Thoroughly believing in their Prince, the Greeks would be glad to see him rule over their kinsmen in Crete. In spite of the Sultan's objection, they may yet live to see him Governor of the island.

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The Rightful Heir to England's Crown At frequent intervals Englishmen are made aware of the fact of the existence of a small and select party of latter-day Jacobites, whose ambition it is to establish the heiress of the Stuarts upon the throne in Victoria's stead, says the Buffalo Times. Many are hazy about the precise reasons for this ambition, and the methods by which it is sought to carry it out.

According to the pedigree, Princess Ludwig, of Bavaria, claims the English throne, through Henrietta, the daughter of Charles I, and granddaughter of James I. Henrietta married the Duke of Orleans, and their daughter, Anne, in turn, married the King of Sardinia. Her son, Charles Emanuel; her grandson, Victor Amadeus, and her great-grandson, Victor Emanuel, were each, in turn, Kings of Sardinia. The Princess Ludwig is the granddaughter of Mary Beatrice, Duchess of Modena, who was the only daughter of King Victor Emanuel.

It will thus be seen that Princess Ludwig, of Bavaria, is most directly descended from Charles I's daughter, while Queen Victoria is only descended from his sister. There are also nearly three hundred other persons who would have a better claim to the throne by descent than Queen Victoria. Among them are Don Carlos, the Duke of Parma, and the Princess of Bulgaria. Of course, however, Queen Victoria holds the throne, not by priority of descent, but by Parliamentary title. The Stuarts were dispossessed by the magnificent majority of one.

But the Jacobites contend that a mere Parliamentary title can be upset by Parliament. They have therefore talked from time to time of running their own candidates for Parliament, in spite of the fact that they consider a Parliament, summoned by the "Usurper," to be a mere convention and no Parliament at all. An amusing address was issued to the electors of North Hunts, in May, 1895, by a Jacobite candidate. In a speech to his supporters he said he had come to ask them whether they preferred to have, reigning over them, a real Sovereign or a spurious half-Sovereign—a Hanover Jack.

The Princess Ludwig, of Bavaria, knows all about the movement, and takes an amused interest in the reports of proceedings which are forwarded to her from time to time. But she has no notion that the English people will ever summon her to reign over them. She is content to fulfill her duties as the wife of the heir to the Bavarian throne, and the mother of eleven children.

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New Honors Granted to Carroll D. Wright Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, who has just been honored with membership in the Institute of France, and honorary membership in the Imperial Russian Academy of Sciences, is one of the foremost statisticians of the world.

Few statisticians, says the Chicago Times-Herald, have been as careful as he to present the bare facts and to present them as fully as the statistician can. It was he who originated the now famous and much misquoted bit of philosophic reflection, "Figures do not lie, but liars figure."

The noted labor statistician began life as a country schoolmaster in New Hampshire, his native State, and went from pedagogy into law. Dropping his commentaries for his musket, he went to war, and, after fighting to the end of the strife, he resumed his law work and was admitted to the bar.

In 1871 and 1872 he was a New Hampshire Legislator, and was soon thereafter placed in charge of the State Labor Bureau, to take which position he gave up a practice of $10,000 a year. In 1880 he supervised the National census in Massachusetts, and his work attracted much attention for its thoroughness. In 1885 he was made the first Labor Commissioner of the United States. His published works now make a very considerable library of labor statistics.

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Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee, Wife of our Consul to Cuba There is hardly a name more prominent in the Cuban activities of late, nor one more honored, than that of General Fitzhugh Lee, late Major-General of the Confederate Army, and grandson of the famous "Light-Horse Harry" Lee of Revolutionary times, says May Rollins, in the New England Home Magazine.

Nowadays the record of no prominent man is complete, be he married, unless with it there is something about his helpmeet in life, the faithful wife who stands by him through thick and thin. In spite of her birth and parentage in the Old Dominion State, Mrs. Lee is as staunch an American to-day as if the war of slavery's downfall had never been fought. Her doughty husband had made his reputation as a soldier and fighter long before his marriage. He was famous among his own men, but none the less respected, even then, by his friends, the enemy.

General Lee was married in 1871 to Miss Ellen Bernard, of Alexandria, Virginia. Like her husband, she came from the oldest aristocracy of the State.

There are five children in General Lee's family. They are Ellen, Fitzhugh, George, Nannie and Virginia. It is said that Fitzhugh, Jr., has all the courage of his father, with an additional strength of loyalty and patriotism derived from his mother through her long line of Old Dominion blood.

The Lee home is at Lynchburg, Virginia, a quaintly terraced old town, overlooking the James River. It is on the main street, a pleasant and hospitable house, of the old Virginia style, with pictures and furniture which are full of history and reminiscence, and valued relics of various kinds.

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Mrs. Stevens Elected as Miss Willard's Successor Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, of Maine, the new President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, has not the same wonderful magnetism which characterized her predecessor, says the Evening Lamp. But she is very gentle, womanly, and withal firm. She is approachable, courteous and well bred, while the quiet dignity of her manner carries with it the intuitive conviction of a strong will capable of holding its own ideas.

She is rather small and slight, with black hair, in which there is scarcely a line of gray, and deep hazel eyes, which have a way of looking through an individual and probing him to a pretty conclusive and accurate definition.

It has been said of Mrs. Stevens that "the streets of Portland, Maine, have not a sight more familiar, and surely none more welcome to all save evil-doers, than Mrs. Stevens, in her phaeton, rapidly driving her spirited horses from the police station to Friendly Inn, from Erring Women's Refuge to the Sheriff's office.

"The round of her duties for the day would be far more thrilling than the dilettante society novelist knows how to imagine, much less depict. Histories full of the real heart-throb and the romance of actual misery are poured into her ears as she kneels to pray beside some newly arrested woman at the jail. The betrayer and betrayed sometimes accept her gentle arbitration; friendless boys from country homes owe to her the open door into a better way of life; drunkards consecrate themselves to Christ in her meetings; time-serving officials dread her evidence at court; saloon-keepers hate the keen scrutiny of her fearless investigation."

Mrs. Stevens was born at Dover, Maine, in 1844. Previous to her marriage, at the age of twenty-one, she had been a teacher. In her husband she found a hearty and sympathetic comrade in all temperance and reform work. Their only child, Gertrude, now Mrs. Leavitt, of Portland, Maine, is also a warm helper of her mother. Mrs. Stevens has been President of the Maine W. C. T. U., and for thirteen years was Assistant Recording Secretary of the W. C. T. U., being elected Vice-President-at-Large in 1894 at the nomination of Miss Willard. In 1892 Mrs. Stevens was appointed one of the lady Managers of the World's Fair, and had entire charge of preparing Maine's exhibit of charities and correction (homes, asylums, etc.) which appeared in the Anthropological Building at the Exposition. For three years she was Treasurer of the National Council of Women of the United States, and upon retiring from that position was placed in the Cabinet of the Council.

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Stephen Phillips, England's New Poet Stephen Phillips, the new poet whom all England is praising and lionizing, and whom Richard Le Gallienne tells us he admires above all other English writers of verse, says the Chicago News, must be classed among the decadents. He is the most-talked-about poet in the British Isles. The principal reason for this is not that he has just published a new volume of poems, but that the Academy awarded him its $500 prize for having produced, in the critical judgment of the assembled academicians, the best book of the whole year.

Le Gallienne says of two of his poems: "Till The Woman with the Dead Soul and The Wife there was only one London poem; now there are three." Most people will agree that in Phillips' couplets are some strong, vivid pictures of city life which might fit Chicago, or New York, as well as London. Here is a brief sample in which he gives a street impression:

> "When, lo, the long uproar of feet,
> The huge, dim fury of the street!
> Faces like moths against her fly,
> Lured by some brilliance to die;
> The joyous, cruel face of boys;
> These dreadful shadows proffering toys;
> The constable, with gesture bland,
> Conducting the orchestral Strand;
> A woman secretly distrest
> And staidly weeping, dimly drest;
> A girl, as in some torment, stands
> Offering flowers that burn her hands;
> A blind man passes, that doth sound
> With shaking head the hollow ground."

But the stories told in Mr. Phillips' verses are horrible tales—tales which in prose would scarcely be printable. The morbid, the unearthly, the weird he has found in urban nooks and has sung about at much length, with no little profit of a financial sort. So we must recognize him as the great English poet of the present day.

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Commodore M'Nair of the United States Navy Frederick V. M'Nair has always been a marked man in the United States Navy, says the Evening Lamp. He has been one of its most active officers. His career is illumined by honors and distinction. To begin with, he has had a fighting experience. He served through the whole of the Civil War, and the experience is of incalculable benefit to him.

Between the methods of that day and the methods of modern warfare the difference is in degree, not in kind. They fought with steam vessels, with ironclads, with torpedoes. The war-engines of to-day are simply a development of the principle.

Commodore Frederick M'Nair was born in Pennsylvania. He entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1853, and was made a midshipman in 1860. He served in the China squadron, and was ordered home when the Civil War broke out.

His first lesson in war was gained under one of the greatest naval leaders the world has known. Commodore M'Nair was with Farragut at New Orleans. He was made a Lieutenant for bravery in 1861. He ran the gauntlet at Vicksburg, and was made a Lieutenant-Commander for meritorious services at that time. His activity, his courage, his resources, distinguished him in that dangerous Mississippi work. He took part in the assault on Fort Fisher, and again won fresh honors. He had four years of constant fighting. When the war closed Lieutenant-Commander M'Nair was sent to Brazil as the executive officer of the flagship. In 1868 he went to Europe as the executive officer of the Franklin, sent thither to accentuate the good impression made by Farragut.

The young officer proved himself as able in diplomacy as in fighting. Upon his return he was detailed to the Philadelphia Navy Yard, and afterward was placed in charge of the Department of Seamanship at Annapolis. In 1872 he was made Commander, and was sent to the Asiatic squadron on the Yantic. Afterward he commanded the Kearsarge. He was Commandant of Cadets at Annapolis from 1878 to 1882, when he went to Mare Island. The following year he was made Captain and took command of the Omaha. From 1890 until 1896 he was in charge of the Naval Observatory in Washington. Then he was sent to the Asiatic squadron. Commodore M'Nair is sixty years old. He has two years to serve before he is retired.

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Swarthmore's Newly Elected President Professor William W. Birdsall, the newly elected President of Swarthmore College, is well equipped by natural capacity and by his broad culture for his new post. He was born in Richmond, Indiana, where he received his early schooling. In 1873 he was graduated from Earlham College. A few years later he was chosen President of the Boys' High School of Wilmington, Delaware, which position he filled for three years, when, in 1885, he was invited to take a place among the corps of instructors of Friends' Central School, of Philadelphia. In 1893 he was appointed head of the institution, in which position he has since remained, and his success is well known, not only throughout the Society of Friends, but in the community at large.

In the prime of life, and not yet in the maturity of his powers, with his religious concern for the welfare and development of the young, and with his ambition for high standards in education and for broad scholarship, it is believed that under the able leadership of President William W. Birdsall, Swarthmore College will advance to a still higher place among the important educational institutions of our country.

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The Serious Illness of Princess Stephanie Princess Stephanie, who is now critically ill, is the widow of the late Crown Prince of Austria, and daughter of the House of Hapsburg, says a Chicago paper. She was married to the late Prince in 1880. From the first the marriage was unfortunate. Immediately after the wedding, gossip set itself busy saying that the union was for reasons of State and not for love; this, however, was not remarkable in a Royal marriage. Rudolph, husband of the Princess, committed suicide under the most remarkable conditions in 1889. Great efforts were made to convince the public that the Prince was killed by other agency than his own, but the proofs of suicide were so strong that the attempt was abandoned. The Princess, who, it is said, was subjected to the most violent abuse from her Royal husband during his life, has lived quietly and happily alone since his death. Her illness concerns every Royal family in Europe, and all Royalists express sincere regret that so noble a Consort of so unworthy a Prince should not survive her spouse longer than the Princess seems likely to do. Her illness recalls one of the most unfortunate affairs of the most unfortunate House of Hapsburg.

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Our Royal Guest, Prince Albert Prince Albert, of Belgium, visits the United States at a time when the country is displaying the sign, "This is my busy day," and therefore he will be bothered with no great amount of attention from that part of the public to which a representative of European Royalty is an object of interest, partly snobbish, partly derisive, and the rest mere curiosity, says the New York Evening Post. This is fortunate, both for the Prince, who, in consequence, will be the more free to occupy his time as inclination dictates, and for the repute of those among us whose republicanism does not always maintain the rigidity of its principles when confronted by the wearer of a really pretty title.

Even if there were no war scares in the air—of Wall Street and a few newspaper offices—there would probably be, however, few very reprehensible exhibitions of excitement over the noble stranger. New York could nowadays preserve a fair approach to composure even if visited by a sure-enough King, and the nephew of one, though he is the heir-presumptive to a throne, would not be likely to depress Manhattan Island more than an inch or two when he landed on it.

Prince Albert, or, to give him his complete name, Prince Albert-Leopold-Clement-Marie-Meinrad, is twenty-three years old, and as he has managed to live a comparatively quiet life, and to avoid exciting comment almost everywhere, except in the Almanach de Gotha, he must be an entirely reputable youth, deserving of the theoretically cordial welcome accorded to all distinguished visitors. His father, Prince Philippe, otherwise the Comte de Flandre, is the only brother of Leopold II, King of the Belgians, and his mother is a Hohenzollern Princess. Leopold's children are both daughters, and as Albert is his father's only son, his road to the throne is naturally very direct, short and clear.

Character in Statesmanship

GEORGE WASHINGTON AS A MODEL PATRIOT

By Henry C. Potter, D. D.

ONE hundred years ago there knelt within these walls a man to whom, if we except one or two in its history, this nation is greatly indebted. An Englishman by race and lineage, he incarnated in his own person and character every best trait and attribute that have made the Anglo-Saxon name a glory to its children and a terror to its enemies throughout the world. But he was not so much an Englishman that, when the time came for him to be so, he was not even more an American, and in all that he was and did, a patriot so exalted, and a leader so great and wise, that what men called him when he came here to be inaugurated as the first President of the United States the civilized world has not since then ceased to call him—the Father of his Country.

We are here this morning to thank God for so great a gift to this people, to commemorate the incidents of which this day is the hundredth anniversary, and to recognize responsibilities which a century so eventful in many ways has laid upon us.

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And we are here, of all other places, first of all with pertinent appropriateness. I know not how it may be with those to whom all sacred things and places are matters of equal indifference, but surely, to those of us with whom it is otherwise, it cannot be without profound and pathetic import that when the first President of the Republic had taken upon him, by virtue of his solemn oath pronounced in the sight of the people, the heavy burden of its Chief Magistracy, he turned straightway to these walls, and kneeling in yonder pew asked God for strength to keep his promise to the nation and his oath to Him. This was no unwonted home to him. For a large proportion of those eminent men who with him were associated in framing the Constitution of these United States Children of the same spiritual mother and nurtured in the same Scriptural faith and order, they were wont to carry with them into their public deliberation something of that reverent and conservative spirit which they had learned within these walls and of which the youthful and ill regulated fervors of the new born Republic often betrayed its need. And he, their leader and chief, while singularly without cant, or formalism, or pretension in his religious habits, was penetrated, as we know well, by a profound sense of the dependence of the Republic upon a guidance other than that of man and of his own need of a strength, and courage, and wisdom greater than he had in himself.

And so, with inexpressible tenderness and reverence, we find ourselves thinking of him here kneeling to ask such gifts, and then rising to go forth to his great tasks with mien august and majestic that Father Ames, who sat beside him in this chapel, wrote, "I was present in the pew with the President and must assure you that, after making all deductions for the delusions of partiality in regard to characters, I still think of him with more veneration than for any other person." So we think of him I say, and indeed it is impossible to think otherwise. The modern student of history has endeavored to tell us how it was that the service in this chapel, which we are striving to reproduce, came about. The record is not without obscurity, but of one thing we may be sure—that to him who, of that goodly company who a hundred years ago gathered within these walls, [illegible] it was no empty form, no decorous affectation. Events had been too momentous, the hand of a Heavenly Providence had been too plain, for him, and the men who were grouped about him then, to misread the one or mistake the other. The easy levity with which their children's children debate the facts of God, and duty, and eternal destiny, was as impossible to them as faith and reverence seem to be, or to be in danger of becoming to many of us. And so we may be very sure that when they gathered here the air was hushed, and hearts as well as heads were bent in honest supplication.

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For, after all, their great experiment was then, in truth, but just beginning. The memorable days and deeds which had preceded it—the struggle for independence, delicate and, in many respects, more difficult, struggle for Union, the harmonizing of various and often apparently conflicting interests of river and remote States and [illegible] the formulating and adopting of the National Constitution—all these were after but introductory and preparatory to the great experiment itself. It has been suggested that we may wisely [illegible] in the [illegible] which we celebrate to-day an illustration of those great principles upon which all Governments rest, of the continuity of the [illegible] of the corporate life of the nation as embodied in its Executive of the transmission by due succession of authority and the like, of all which doubtless in the history of the last one hundred years we have an interesting and, on the whole, inspiring example of patriotic statesmanship.

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But it is a somewhat significant fact that it is not along lines such as these that that enthusiasm which has flamed out during these recent days and weeks, as this anniversary has approached, has seemed to move. The one thing that has, I imagine, amazed even many cynical and pessimistic people among us, is the way in which the ardor of a great people's love and homage, and gratitude has kindled not before the image of a mechanism but of a man. It has looked with unerring intuition which has once again and again in human history been the attribute of the people as distinguished from the doctrinaires, the theorists, the system makers, that that which makes it [illegible] to commemorate the inauguration of George Washington is not merely that it is the consummation of the nation's struggle toward organic life, not merely that by the initiation of its Chief Executive it set in operation that Constitution of which Mr. Gladstone has declared, "As far as I can see the American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at one time by the brain and purpose of man." But that it celebrates the beginning of an administration which, by its lofty and stainless integrity, by its absolute superiority to selfish or subordinate motives, by the rectitude of its daily conduct in the face of whatsoever threats, blandishments, or combinations, rather than by the ostentatious pharisaism of its professors, has taught this nation and the world forever what the Christian ruler of a Christian people ought to be.

I yield to no man in my veneration for the men who framed the compact under which these States are bound together. No one can easily exaggerate their services or the value of that which they wrought out. But, after all, we may not forget to-day that the thing which they made was a dead and not a living thing. It had no power to interpret itself, to apply itself, to execute itself. Splendid as it was in its complex and forecasting mechanism, instinct as it was, in one sense, with noble wisdom, with a large visioned statesmanship, with a matchless adaptability to untried emergencies, it was, nevertheless, no different in another aspect from one of those splendid specimens of naval architecture which throng our wharves to-day and which, with every best contrivance of human art and skill, with capacities of progress which newly amaze us every day, are but as impotent, dead matter, save as the brain and hand of man summon and command them. "The ship of state," we say. Yes, but it is the cool and competent mastery at the helm of that, as of every other ship, which shall, under God, determine the glory or ignominy of the voyage. Success lies with the man at the helm.

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Never was there a truth which more sorely needed to be [illegible]. A generation which vaunts its descent from the founders of the Republic seems largely to be in danger of forgetting their preeminent distinction. They were few in number, they were poor in worldly possessions—the sum of the fortune of the richest among them would afford a fine theme for the scorn of the plutocrat of to-day—but they had an invincible confidence in the truth of those principles in which the foundations of the Republic had been laid, and they had an unselfish purpose to maintain them. The conception of the National Government as a huge machine, existing mainly for the purpose of rewarding partisan service—this was a conception so alien to the character and conduct of Washington and his associates that it seems grotesque even to speak of it. It would be interesting to imagine the first President of the United States accosted with some one who had ventured to approach him upon the basis of what are now commonly known as "practical politics." But the conception is impossible. The loathing the outraged majesty with which he would have bidden such a creature begone, are foreshadowed by the gentle dignity with which just before his inauguration, replying to one who had the strongest claims upon his friendships, and who had appealed to him during the progress of the "Presidential campaign" as we should say, for the promise of an appointment to office, he wrote:

> In touching upon the more delicate part of your letter, the communication of which fills me with real concern, I will deal with you with all that frankness which is due to friendship, and which I wish should be a characteristic feature of my conduct through life. . . . . Should it be my fate to administer the Government I will go to the chair under no precongagement of any kind or nature whatever. And when in it I will to the best of my judgment, discharge the duties of the office with that impartiality and zeal for the public good which ought never to suffer connections of blood or friendship to have the least sway on decisions of a public nature.

On this high level moved the first President of the Republic. To it must we who are heirs of her sacred interests be not unwilling to ascend, if we are to guard our glorious heritage.

And this all the more because the perils which confront us are so much graver and more portentous than those which then impended. There is, if we are not afraid of the wholesome medicine that there is in [illegible] seeming to see it, an element of infinite sadness in the effort which we are making to-day. Ransacking the annals of our fathers as we have been doing for the last few months, a busy and well-meaning assiduity would fain reproduce the scene, the situation of a hundred years ago! Vain and impotent endeavor! It is as though out of the lineaments of living men we would fain produce another Washington. We may disinter the vanished draperies, we may revive the [illegible] minuet, we may rehabilitate the old scenes, but the march of a century cannot be halted or reversed, and the enormous change in the situation can neither be disguised nor ignored. Then we were, though not all of us, springing from one nationality, practically one people. Now that startling deteriorating process, against whose dangers a great thinker of our own generation warned his countrymen just fifty years ago, goes on, on every hand, apace.

The constant importation wrote the author of The Wealth of Nations, as now in this country, of the lowest order of people from abroad to dilute the quality of our natural manhood is a sad and beggarly prostitution of the noblest gift ever conferred on a people. Who shall respect a people who do not respect their own blood? And how shall a National spirit, or any determinate and proportionate character, arise out of so many low bred associations and cross grained temperaments, imported from every clime? It was indeed in keeping that Pan, who was the son of everybody, was the ugliest of the gods.

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And again. Another portentous difference between this day and that of which it is the anniversary is seen in the difference in the nature and influence of the forces that determine our National and political destiny. Then ideas ruled the hour. To-day there are indeed ideas that rule our hour but they must be merchantable ideas. The growth of wealth, the prevalence of luxury, the massing of large material forces, which by their very existence are a standing menace to the freedom and integrity of the individual, the infinite swagger of our American speech and manners, mistaking bigness for greatness, and sadly confounding gain and godliness—all this is a contrast to the austere simplicity, the unpurchasable integrity, of the first men of our Republic, which makes it impossible to reproduce to-day either the temper or the conduct of our fathers. As we turn the pages backward, and come upon the story of that thirtieth of April, in the year of our Lord 1789, there is a certain stateliness in the air, a certain ceremoniousness in the manners which we have banished long ago. We have exchanged the Washingtonian dignity for the Jeffersonian simplicity, which in due time came to be only another name for the Jacksonian vulgarity. And what have we gotten in exchange for it? In the elder States and dynasties they had the trappings of Royalty, and the pomp and splendor of the King's person, to fill men's hearts with loyalty. Well, we have dispensed with the old titular dignities. Let us take care that we do not part with that tremendous force for which they stood! If there be not titular Royalty, all the more need is there for personal Royalty. If there is to be no nobility of descent, all the more indispensable is it that there should be nobility of ascent—a character in them that bear rule so fine, and high and pure, that as men come within the circle of its influence, they involuntarily pay homage to that which is the one preeminent distinction—the Royalty of Virtue.

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And that it was, men and brethren, which as we turn to-day and look at him who as on this morning just a hundred years ago, became the servant of the Republic in becoming the Chief Ruler of its people, we must needs own conferred upon him his Divine right to rule. All the more, therefore, because the circumstances of his era were so little like our own, we need to recall his image, and, if we may, not only commemorate, but to reproduce his virtues. The traits which in him shone preeminent, as our own Irving has described them, "firmness, sagacity, an immovable justice, courage that never faltered, and most of all truth that disdained all artifices"—these are characteristics in her leaders of which the nation was never in more dire need than now.

And so we come and kneel at this ancient and hallowed shrine where once he knelt, and ask that God would graciously vouchsafe them. Here in this holy house we find the witness of that one Invisible Force which, because it alone can rule the conscience, is destined, one day, to rule the world. Out from airs dense and foul with the coarse passions and coarser rivalries of self seeking men we turn aside as from the crowd and glare of some vulgar highway swarming with pushing and ill bred throngs and jewelry and clamorous with bedizened booths and noisy speech, into some cool and shaded wood where straight to Heaven some majestic oak lifts its tall form, its roots embedded deep among the unchanging rocks, its lofty branches sweeping the upper air, and holding high commune with the stars; and as we think of him for whom we are here to thank God, we say: "Such an one in native majesty he was: a ruler, wise, and strong and fearless in the sight of God and men because by the ennobling grace of God he had learned, first of all, to conquer every mean, and selfish and self seeking aim, and rule himself." For

> —What are men to
> By force or custom? Man who man would be
> Must rise the empire of himself in I
> Must be supreme, calm self subsisting throne
> Of vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
> Of lawless fears, before himself alone.

Such was the hero, leader, ruler, patriot whom we gratefully remember on this day. We may not reproduce his age, his young environment, nor him. But none the less may we rejoice that once he lived and led this people like him that kingly Ruler and Shepherd of whom the Psalmist sang "with all his power." God give us the grace to prize his grand example and, as we may in our more modest measure, to reproduce his virtues and to follow in his footsteps.

Editor's Note. This address delivered the one hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington at St. Paul's Chapel, New York City, is taken from The Scholar and the State, a collection of orations and addresses delivered by Henry C. Potter, D. D., Bishop of New York, just published by the Century Company, New York.

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The Whim of an Emperor

DARING RIDE OF A CAVALRY OFFICER

HIS MAJESTY Emperor William of Germany is a man of whims as all the world knows. His eccentricities are particularly evident in his semi public and in his private life, but stories of these are closely guarded, says a writer in the Sunny South. They are seldom whispered beyond the palace gates.

There is a young man now employed in the London office of Brown Brothers, bankers, who has suffered bitterly from the fancy of the Emperor. His career was ruined, he was disgraced and humiliated by a whim of his Monarch. He felt himself driven from the Army and from his country, and forced to make a living as best he could in a foreign country.

This man is Lieutenant Gustav Amberg. He was an officer in a distinguished cavalry regiment. Those who hold commissions in it are filled with pride over the honor that theirs for so doing.

Lieutenant Amberg came of an honorable family. His father was a cotton merchant who had amassed a large fortune. From his youth the young man was destined for the Army. As a child he dreamed of the time when he should wear a showy uniform and ride a prancing horse in the review.

Just about the time when he was ready to enter the service his father lost nearly all his money. It was only at a sacrifice that he was able to purchase his son's commission and make him the allowance necessary for him to maintain his position, for the salaries of officers in the German Army, as in other countries in Europe, are wholly inadequate. They do not begin to meet the necessary expenses.

Lieutenant Amberg was an admirable soldier and popular in his regiment. He is a man of fine and delicate feeling. He believed in the dignity of his position. He felt that he should be worthy of it and of his family, who had stinted themselves that he might have his place in the army.

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One night last spring Lieutenant Amberg was on duty in the palace. The Emperor was giving a semi private banquet to his immediate friends and military staff. Late in the evening a special messenger came to Lieutenant Amberg saying that the Emperor demanded his immediate presence in the banqueting hall.

The young officer's face flushed. He had heard stories of strange and undignified commands put upon soldiers on these occasions. He hurried to his Monarch with a sinking feeling in his heart.

Lieutenant Amberg could hardly compose himself as he saluted and stood at attention. The Emperor regarded him coldly.

"You are on duty in the palace to-night?"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"You will mount your horse and ride him into this room."

"Ride my horse here—into—this room, Your Majesty?" stammered the officer.

"Yes," was the reply. "You heard my command. You may go."

Lieutenant Amberg made his way from the room with his thoughts in a whirl. The idea of disobeying did not suggest itself to him. He mounted his horse and forced the frightened animal to climb the stairs. He made his way through the corridors and into the banqueting room, the horse's hoofs sounding on the floor like the roll of thunder.

He drew rein and saluted. The brilliant lights, the unusual surroundings and the experience on the stairs, filled the spirited animal with fear. He moved about restlessly, and snorted with apprehension. And his master had little more confidence.

"Now make your mount, and then we may see how well you sit your horse," commanded the Emperor.

There were about seventy guests in the room, and they watched the officer on horseback with interest and amusement. The polished floor was as slippery as ice, and the iron shoes were like skates.

The animal moved about cautiously, gingerly, every muscle strained to leap from a possible danger. The Lieutenant guided him with his face on fire.

"'At a trot!'" commanded the Emperor.

Lieutenant Amberg urged his horse to a faster pace. In turning about the animal slipped to his haunches. There was very little space in which to manœuvre. It was with difficulty that the officer could keep his seat. The banging of the hoofs and the efforts made by the horse to keep from falling made a frightful racket.

"'At a gallop!'"

The command of the Emperor was sharp and quick. Lieutenant Amberg's face had become white, but he could not retire. He gave his horse the spur. The animal sprang forward and went slipping, scrambling along the floor, finally falling. The rider had to leap from the saddle to save his legs.

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Again he mounted, while the guests roared with laughter over the awkward plight of officer and horse. The charger was shivering with fear. He refused to go forward because of the danger of falling on the smooth surface.

"'At a gallop!'" The Emperor repeated the command, and his voice was colder, more menacing than it had been before. "You acquit yourself badly."

Nothing more was needed to complete the officer's confusion and feeling of disgrace. In desperation he plunged his spurs deep into the horse's sides, and again went plunging, scraping and slipping along. Lieutenant Amberg could hear the roars of laughter, and he could see the cold, immovable face of his Monarch, who was sacrificing him to a whim. He hoped that the floor might open and he might fall. He wished for a serious accident, for death, anything to escape the torment and misery.

But he was not yet to escape. The Emperor had a more difficult and ungenerous command to put upon him. He directed that the tables and chairs be piled into a hurdle in the middle of the room. The servants speedily fulfilled his order. The guests drew to one side, that they might see and yet escape injury.

"You will now jump your horse over the table."

There was a menace in the Emperor's tones, and Lieutenant Amberg knew there was no hope for him. He had no choice. He grasped the danger. He knew that it was almost impossible to compel a frightened horse, that had learned that his footing was most insecure, to make the jump. Some of the chairs had been placed legs upward.

Lieutenant Amberg's face was whiter than the table linen. Still, he must go through with it. Time and again he tried to make his horse jump over the obstruction. Each time the animal refused and went sliding along on his haunches, striking the table. The rider could hear the scoffing of the guests. He could hear the Emperor expressing his displeasure. At last he drove the maddened horse to make the leap. He managed to scramble over the obstruction, officer and horse went sprawling on the other side of the table.

Again he was compelled to take the jump, and the result was more ridiculous, more humiliating even than before. The Emperor called Lieutenant Amberg. He poured forth his ill humor and his wrath. He told the young officer that he had behaved abominably, that he had brought disgrace upon his Emperor, his regiment and himself. He had given the most incompetent exhibition of horsemanship that had ever been seen. Finally he dismissed him.

He resigned immediately, and settled his affairs as quickly as possible. He went to London to start life anew, and found a place in the banking firm where he is now employed, away from home and country.

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Mark Twain and Darwin.—One of Mark Twain's friends had been staying in England, and on his return gave an account of a visit he had paid to the great scientist. Darwin received him kindly, showed him his library and dissecting-room, and, pointing to a table on which stood a lamp and an open book, said some such words as these:

"You must be careful not to disturb that. That book is Mark Twain's Innocents Abroad. I keep it open on the table, and always read myself to sleep at night, and read myself awake in the morning."

Mr. Clemens, hearing the story, was greatly flattered by this most unexpected tribute to his humor, and when Darwin's biography was published he at once procured a copy, because of what his friend had told him, so that he might see if anything was said about himself.

The only reference, however, that he could find, was the statement that in his later years Darwin suffered from atrophy of the brain, which incapacitated him for the enjoyment of good literature, and compelled him to seek mental rest in the perusal of trashy novels and vacuous "humor."

The Work of a Congressman

OFFICIAL LIFE AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Amos J. Cummings.

FLOWERY is the path for the new member of Congress on his entry to the House, says this writer, in the Philadelphia Record. He is not pestered with a superabundance of cards, and can remain in his seat quiet and undisturbed, listening to discussion and watching the flow of legislation. He can pass hours in the cloak room, taking in small Congressional talk. If reading or writing at his desk, his continuity of thought is seldom interrupted by importunate office seekers, or by those interested in claims against the Government.

Committee work is not a serious problem with him, for he usually lands on insignificant committees. This gives him plenty of time for recreation. If he delight in social life he will be a welcome guest at parties and receptions. His nights may be spent at home or at places of amusement, if he desires, but as the years roll on, if he remains in Congress, he will find his duties increasing, cares that he never dreamed of will beset him, and hours of anxiety follow. If industrious, he will be overburdened with work on committees and taxed with wearing responsibilities. His first session is like a first term at school. Some Congressmen employ it in making themselves familiar with parliamentary law and the rules of the House.

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A well known gentleman, who served only one term in the House, employed a parliamentary expert to teach him parliamentary law and aid him in delving into the House Manual. He paid roundly for the information, and had seances with the expert three times a week. He was hardly an apt pupil, however, for before many months had elapsed he found himself in front of the Speaker's desk denouncing a Colorado member as a falsifier.

All of the new members seem to realize the responsibility thrown upon them, and are conscientious in their efforts to meet it. Each is apparently animated by a desire to do something that was not done by his predecessor.

In one case a new Congressman had his clerk employed, at night, in visiting the various hotels and ascertaining whether any of his constituents were guests at these places. The clerk was directed to invite them to the Capitol, and say that the member was very desirous of showing them some attention, and would be glad to have them call upon him.

Within a month the clerk was relieved of this duty. The member was overwhelmed with visitors. Instead of looking for business he found that business was looking for him. He is still a member of the House, and his business has increased so much that he employs a clerk, an assistant clerk, and a stenographer. The only way in which he can retain his equilibrium is to withdraw into some retired nook and enjoy his meals in peace. No man is overburdened with more or harder work to-day than he is.

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Another member began operations by looking for work in his district before he took the oath of office. He advertised by posters that his clerk would appear at certain towns, on certain dates at certain hours, in the town hall or Court-house, and receive applications for pensions, and claims, and offices, and attend to any other business in Washington in which his constituents were interested. All the old soldiers whose applications had been rejected jumped upon him in a body; every man who had failed to secure anything from his predecessor in Congress besieged him. In a day the clerk was so overrun that he had to cancel many of his dates, and the Congressman was headed for the lunatic asylum, when he was called to Washington for the extra session.

Another new Congressman appeared at the Pension Office one day and asked for the papers in fifteen different pension cases. Being a lawyer, he undoubtedly fancied that the mode of procedure was something like that of a country Court. There were over a thousand papers in some of the cases, he received them with some astonishment, but, governed by a sense of duty, endeavored to get at the pith of each case. Great beads of perspiration were standing on his brow, when a clerk in the office approached him and offered his assistance. He handed him the usual inquiry slip, saying that if he would mark the number of the pension, and the name and service of the applicant and forward the slip, the office would furnish by mail the status of each claim.

He thanked the assistant, but felt it his duty to attend to the wants of each of his constituents. He preferred a personal investigation of each case. Four hours were spent in trying to ascertain the status of two cases. The Congressman then concluded to accept the offer so kindly made. He realized that, as he had about one hundred and fifty applicants for pensions and increase of pensions, it would take six months' steady work to unravel them, and leave him no time to attend the session of the House. He bore away a bundle of slips, and undoubtedly spent a greater part of the night in preparing them for filing. He was so careful that he placed each slip in a separate stamped envelope, each addressed to the

Commissioner of Pensions
Washington, D. C.
Pension

To insure prompt delivery he carried these envelopes to the Pension Office at nine o'clock the next morning. The assistant received him very pleasantly, saying that he had given himself unnecessary trouble. All the slips might have been placed in one [illegible] under his frank. The member returned [illegible] formation with Christian resignation, but made no attempt to remove the stamps. To-day he has full knowledge of the franking privilege, and never wastes a two cent stamp; nor does he deem it necessary to stop at the Pension Office on his way to the Capitol in the morning.

Such are the experiences of a few members. The glamour of Congressional life quickly disappears in the years that follow. Length of service brings added responsibility, until he becomes overburdened and his work is never done. Requests that were at first confined to his own district seem to become National, and there is hardly a nook in the Union from which he does not receive an importunity. His importance as a member has increased, and his usefulness has been acknowledged by appointment to the important committees of the House. There, if still governed by a sense of duty, he works like a plow-horse.

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The following accurately describes a day's work, in Washington, of a Congressman who has been a member of the House for ten years. At eight o'clock his clerk called before he was out of bed. Thirty-five letters were answered while he was dressing. His meal was interrupted by an old friend, who had dropped around to breakfast and imparted some important information concerning the death of Mary, Queen of Scots.

At ten o'clock, with his clerk, the Congressman began the rounds of the Departments. His first visit was to the War, Navy, and State Department building. An old soldier wanted to ascertain whether he was entitled to a medal of honor. His record in the War Department was searched, and a decision reached that the old soldier's gallantry was in the line of duty, and therefore he was not entitled to a medal.

At the Navy Department a constituent had applied to have his son enlisted as an apprentice. The information from the Bureau of Navigation was that the quota of apprentices was full, and no more could be taken.

At the State Department a constituent desired letters to American Consuls in Europe. He was about to make a tour of the old world, and had been informed that such letters were of great value. A general letter and a passport were secured at the State Department and promptly forwarded.

On the way out of the War, Navy, and State Department building the Congressman met a bridal couple, fresh from his district. They were seeing the sights, and were extremely anxious to visit the White House. So the Congressman accompanied them, and their delight at being introduced to the President of the United States was beyond bounds.

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A visit to the Treasury Department followed. Some constituent had lost a United States bond, and was looking for a duplicate. The Chief of the Bond Division replied that no duplicate could be issued without a special act of Congress, and had the courtesy to draw up a special bill for introduction into the House.

On leaving the Treasury Department, the Congressman and his clerk rode to the Post Office Department, half a mile away. He bore a request for the establishment of a stamp agency in a pharmacy within the lines of his district. He was informed that the application would have to be made from the home office, and if the applicant was approved by the postmaster it would be given favorable consideration by the Postmaster General.

The round was only half completed, but a score of whistles announced the hour of twelve [illegible] Capitol. Congress was [illegible] Representative turned [illegible] face toward the legislative building.

On arriving he tried to reach his committee room. A lady stopped him with an introductory letter. She desired employment in the Public Library. While she was urging her mission, six or seven others gathered around awaiting the Congressman's release. One was a war veteran, with an excellent record, recently discharged from the Navy Yard for lack of work. Although coming from a city very far removed from the Congressman's own district, he urged the Representative to visit the Secretary of the Navy in his behalf. A third was anxiously hunting for a Government publication long out of print. A fourth wanted a card of admission to the members' gallery, and a fifth was looking for a map of the Klondike region. A sixth, bearing an introduction, wanted the Congressman to visit the Superintendent of Police, in the District of Columbia, to secure his appointment as a policeman.

At this instant a fellow member said, in passing, that the roll was being called in the House on a party question. This was enough. The Congressman excused himself to his visitors and entered the House. He had no sooner voted than two or three pages thrust cards into his hands announcing more visitors outside. Before he reached the door he was stopped by half a dozen colleagues. One wanted a letter of introduction to a prominent lawyer in a neighboring city; another called attention to a bill in committee, and sought assistance in having it reported favorably and placed upon the calendar. A third wanted to trade ethnological books for agricultural reports, and a fourth was seeking a final hearing before the Congressman's committee. A fifth asked the Representative to go before the Committee on Rivers and Harbors, and advocate an appropriation for an improvement in [illegible] Bay, in which he was interested.

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The servant of the people finally reached the cloak-room and passed out of the window of the barber-shop into the corridor. It was only ten feet from there to his committee room. The Chairman had sent for him to attend the meeting of a sub committee. He fancied that the way would be clear, but was woefully mistaken.

Another knot of friends were clustered about the door. Within five minutes his attention was called to a dozen different requests; some applicants thrusting newly printed bills in his hand, and others newly printed reports. At last, however, he passed the door, took his seat at the table, and was soon engrossed in the work of his committee. This was intricate, and lasted over four hours. Meantime, the House adjourned, and the Congressman's outside friends were then scattered. Some sought him at his residence and others at his favorite eating-house. Wherever he appeared—on the street, in the theatre, in hotel rotundas or in a street car—he was besought to grind axes for other people. He reached his bed long after midnight, more exhausted than an honest farmer would have been after a hard day's work in a hay-field.

Such is a faint insight into the life of a statesman in Washington in 1898—yet it is a position that never goes begging for some one to fill it, but, on the contrary, is eagerly sought for by many office seekers.

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With a Personal Flavor

TOLD OF CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES

Jane Hading's Eyelids.—A story is circulated about the way in which Jane Hading's eyelids were treated when she was a child, which has given her those long, peculiarly shaped eyes, usually seen only in Turkish women. Her father, having lived some time in Turkey, had noticed how the eyelids of young children were slit a little, which gave the eye of a grown person the almond shape so much admired.

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Verdi's Hand-Organs.—Some years ago Verdi was visited, by a friend, at a small bathing place, he was found quartered in a little room, which he said served at once as his dining, dwelling and bed room. As the visitor expressed surprise, Verdi broke in: "Oh, I have two other large rooms, but I keep the articles hired by me in them."

With this the composer rose from his seat, opened a door, and showed his astonished visitor ninety five barrel organs, remarking, "When I came here all these organs played Rigoletto, Trovatore, and similar stuff. I have hired them from the owners. I pay about 1,500 lire, and now I enjoy my summer rest without being disturbed by them."

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Joel Chandler Harris on Genius.—In conversation with Joel Chandler Harris, says Frank L. Stanton in the Times Herald, a friend said: "You are one of the fortunate authors, everything you touch turns to gold. Life must be a very smooth affair to you."

"On the contrary," was the reply, "life is hard work to me. I get a good deal of enjoyment out of it, but it's more serious than you think."

"But then, your genius——"

"Genius? Bosh!" he exclaimed. "It's hard work, I tell you! While some of you fellows are sitting before the fire, dreaming dreams and building castles that crumble, I'm at a desk—at work! I haven't time to stare the fire out of countenance. I'd rather build log cabins on earth than loaf around among the stars. And that's what I do. I nail myself to a chair and bend to the work, and when you see it flowing pretty fast you say: 'That's genius!' Go to work, my brother—go to work! Stick to your desk, and you'll win if you work right."

Under the Evening Lamp

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

DEARER EVERY DAY

By William Lyle

THEY said I would cease to love her
When her freshness showed decay.
They were wrong, for as the river
Wears its channels more away,
Deeper grew my love, and clearer
Seemed her beauties in display.
She grew older, she grew dearer—
Dearer every day.

Had I loved her for her beauty,
Had her heart been simply clay,
Then might mine have ceased its worship;
But her truth's resplendent ray
Filled my soul and drew me nearer
To the fount where sweetness lay.
Still the older, still the dearer—
Dearer every day.

Age has laid its hand upon her—
Do I realize it? Nay.
Her youth's bloom my heart remembers—
Years her faithfulness portray.
And it shall be mine to cheer her,
So her winter shall be May.
Still the older, still the dearer—
Dearer every day.—Detroit Free Press

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WHERE UNCLE SAM'S FLAGS ARE MADE

BEFORE a man-of-war is really completely equipped she must be supplied with an assortment of the flags of all nations, says the Christian Mirror. The flag lockers of a cruiser, like the New York, will contain more than two hundred different designs.

All the flags for our Navy are made in the equipment building, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The floor of the flag-room is covered with lines representing the exact measurements of the various ensigns, and it is no easy matter to turn out a flag which will be exactly according to pattern, both as to design and measurement. There are eight colors used in flags—red, white, blue, orange yellow, green, brown, black, and canary yellow. The canary yellow is used instead of white in flags for signalling. This is because that, when signaling at a distance, a white ground blends with the horizon and becomes almost invisible.

The largest American flag made is called No. 1. It measures thirty-four and eighty-six one-hundredths feet in length, and thirteen and twelve one-hundredths feet in breadth, and is very rarely used. The size called No. 2, which is considerably smaller, is the one generally used by war-ships. Cruisers carry the Stars and Stripes in seven different sizes, but only the Minneapolis and the Detroit fly the gigantic No. 1.

The most difficult flag to make is that of San Salvador. This flag requires all the colors, and Costa Rica runs it close, requiring all but brown. Our own flag is by no means an easy one to make. The forty-five stars in their blue field have to be accurately arranged, and the stripes made mathematically exact according to the official pattern. The stars are made of muslin, folded twenty-five times and punched out by a steel punch, which cuts a dozen or more stars at each operation. There are used annually, in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, fifty thousand yards of bunting, which is all made in the United States.

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THE GROWTH OF GIRLS AND BOYS

IT IS said on good authority that the year of greatest growth in boys is the seventeenth; in girls, the fourteenth. While girls reach full height in their fifteenth year, they acquire full weight at the age of twenty. Boys are stronger than girls from birth to the eleventh year; then girls become superior physically to the seventeenth year, when the tables are again turned and remain so. From November to April children grow very little and gain no weight; from April to July they gain in height, but lose in weight; and from July to November they increase greatly in weight, but not in height.

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THE LAST WORDS OF NAPOLEON

ON HIS death-bed Napoleon expressed his conviction that England would end like the proud Republic of Venice.

With perfect composure he gave his last directions: "I desire that you will take my heart, put it in spirits of wine, and carry it to Parma to my dear Maria Louise; you will tell her that I never ceased to love her, and relate to her every particular respecting my death upon this miserable and dreary rock. You will tell my mother and family that the once great Napoleon expired in the most deplorable state, deprived of everything, abandoned to himself and to his glory, and that he bequeathed with his dying breath, to all the reigning families of Europe, the horror and opprobrium of his death."

The second codicil of his will contained the direction which was afterward complied with: "It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people I love so well."

On the fifth of May, 1821, he who had for years kept all Europe in a state of feverish excitement, terminated his earthly career. After lying in state two days, the body was deposited in a coffin composed first of tin lined with white satin, which, having been soldered, was inclosed in another of mahogany, a third of lead, and the whole in a fourth of mahogany secured with iron screws. After the ceremony, an enormous stone was lowered over the body, resting on a stone wall so as to escape the coffin.

On the twelfth of May, Louis Philippe commanded that the ashes of Napoleon be conveyed to France. He said: "Henceforth France alone will possess all that remains of Napoleon; his tomb, like his fame, will belong to none but his own country."

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MAKING A CENSUS OF THE WORLD

A CENSUS of the world seems impossible, says the London Mail, but it is to be undertaken. This vast, unparalleled labor is one of the gigantic projects to celebrate the advent of the twentieth century, and it is safe to say that a more stupendous undertaking has never before been advised. The scheme had its real inception at the last biennial meeting of the International Statistical Institute, recently held at Berne, Switzerland, where a committee was duly appointed to consider ways and means. The first step in this important committee's labor was to enlist the interest and aid of Li Hung Chang. They met him when he was in Berlin, and secured his promise of influence in China.

In no nation will the work of census-taking be more difficult than in China. Anything approximating an accurate census of the population of the earth at the present time is, without doubt, an impossibility. In addition to the poles, there are many spots on the earth that have never been visited by the explorer, and others from which a census enumerator never would get away alive. The population of the earth is now estimated at one billion seven hundred million, guesses founded upon the observation of travelers, and upon other guesses mentioned in treaties given by such countries as China, Persia, Arabia and Turkey.

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CAN THE HEART REALLY "BREAK"?

IT APPEARS that it is possible for the heart to break, says a writer in Answers. People who die of broken hearts, so called, do not actually succumb from disruption of the structural arrangements. In this regard the phrase is a misnomer. It is generally applied to people who die owing to intense mental suffering, from blighted affections, or the loss of friends. Thackeray has said that no man ever dies of a "broken heart" in his love affairs, and it is certain that in this respect the term has no actual meaning. The heart, however, may physically break, either from sudden shock or from overstrain.

A captain of a vessel had set out to marry a lady; on reaching his destination and being abruptly informed that she was already married, he fell to the ground and expired. The heart was discovered to be literally rent into two pieces.

Again, an instance is on record of a boy, very strong and healthy, who, in attempting to raise a sheaf of corn, fell dead in the effort. In this instance the post-mortem disclosed a large rent in the heart. The sudden propulsion of blood upon the left ventricle, the hardest-worked portion of the heart, where the rupture generally takes place, forces the tissues asunder.

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PENMANSHIP OF EMINENT MEN

CARLYLE would not have struggled with a keyboard, but it would have prevented that miserable compositor fleeing from Edinburgh to London out of his way if he had. Carlyle's writing was a copper-plate to others that could be mentioned, says the London Globe. Hugo's manuscripts, we are told, presented the appearance of a sort of battle-field on paper, in which the killed words were well stamped out and the new recruits pushed most recklessly forward in anything but good order.

Napoleon was unique in everything, even in his handwriting. His letters from Germany to Josephine were at first taken for maps of the seat of war. And his signature was a mere indistinguishable hieroglyphic. Byron and Dean Stanley wrote atrocious "fists," and it is said that Sydney Smith's was no better, although he used to chaff Jeffrey badly. He used to say that he read Jeffrey from left to right, and his wife from right to left, but neither could make out a single syllable.

Jules Janin would rather rewrite than attempt to read over again what he had written, and Montaigne could never read what he had written. The acute thinker mended matters by employing a secretary whose writing was absolutely undecipherable. Balzac was as big a sinner, and Dickens' microscopic characters, written on blue paper with blue ink, appalled many seasoned compositors.

A terrible hand had Henry Ward Beecher. His daughter once declared that she had three guiding rules in copying it—if a letter was dotted it was not an "i," and if it was crossed it was not a "t," and a word with a capital letter did not begin a sentence. Jacob Bryan said of Archdeacon Coxe's calligraphy that it could neither be called a hand nor a fist, but a foot, and that a club one. His hieroglyphics formed a clumsy, tangled black skein that ran across the paper in knots, which it was impossible to untie or render into any sort of meaning.

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CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THE TOAD

THE toad lives ten to forty years, does not begin to produce young until the fourth year, but then lays over one thousand eggs a year, says the Galveston News. It has lived two years without food, but cannot live long under water. It never takes dead or motionless food. It takes its food by means of its tongue alone, and it operates this so rapidly that the eye cannot follow its motions. It captures and devours bees, wasps, yellow-jackets, ants, beetles, worms, spiders, snails, bugs, grasshoppers, crickets, weevils, caterpillars, moths, etc. A single toad will in three months devour over ten thousand insects. If every ten of these would have done one cent damage the toad has saved ten dollars. Evidently the toad is a valuable friend to the farmer, gardener and fruit-grower, and can be made especially useful in the greenhouse, garden and berry-patch.

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FISHES THAT CHANGE THEIR COLOR

IT IS a familiar fact that fishes can change their colors at will, says the Huntingdon Journal. Many fishes make remarkable changes. Free-swimming fishes most commonly preserve their normal colors, though these fishes can change. The fishes that change most are the bottom feeders. For their own protection from other fishes that would prey upon them, and the better to enable themselves to capture food, these fish change their colors to match the bottom they are on so as to make themselves invisible. They do this to a degree that seems extraordinary.

In one of the smaller salt-water tanks at the New York Aquarium there are a number of small flatfish. The bottom of the tank is covered with coarse gravel. The great bulk of the gravel is composed of pebbles of a brownish white, a sort of pale iron-rust color. Scattered in this are pebbles of a deeper tinge, with now and then one of a brownish gray or brown black.

The flatfish lying on the gravel, at the bottom of this tank, imitate its colors in their own backs in a manner that is marvelous. They are of a mottled brown, like the colors of the gravel, and the smallest of the flatfish is the most wonderful. They are all thin and lie close to the bottom. The edge of the little one blends with it, and its back is a wonderful mosaic of browns so like the gravel of the surrounding bottom that it appears to be a part of it. Even in this clear water, at a little distance, the fish is scarcely distinguishable from the gravel.

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HOW SOAP WEARS THE SKIN AWAY

THE first distinct mention of soap now extant is by Pliny, who speaks of it as an invention of the Gauls; but be that as it may, the use of soap for washing purposes is of great antiquity. In the ruins of Pompeii a complete soap manufactory was found, and the utensils and some soap were in a tolerable state of preservation, says the Philadelphia Ledger. The Gallic soap of eighteen centuries ago was prepared from fat and wood ashes, particularly the ashes from beechwood, which wood was very common in France as well as in England. Soap is referred to by writers as early as the second century, but the Saracens were the first people to bring it into general use as an external cleansing medium. The use of soap is thus described: "When examined chemically, the skin is found to be composed of a substance analogous to dried white of egg—in a word, albumen. Now, albumen is soluble in the alkalies, and when soap is used for washing the skin the excess of alkali combines with the oily fluid with which the skin is naturally bedewed, removes it in the form of an emulsion, and with a portion of the dirt. Another portion of the alkali softens and dissolves the superficial stratum of the skin, and when this is rubbed off the rest of the dirt disappears. So that every washing of the skin with soap removes the old face of the skin and leaves a new one, and were the process repeated to excess the latter would become attenuated."

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THE LOST AIR OF "YANKEE DOODLE"

AFTER the representatives of Great Britain and the United States had nearly concluded their pacific labors, at Ghent, in making the treaty of peace which ended the War of 1812, the burghers of the quaint old Dutch city arranged to give an entertainment in honor of the Ministers, says the Youth's Companion. They determined as a part of the program to perform the National airs of the two Powers. The musical director was sent to call upon the American Ministers and obtain the music of the National air. A consultation ensued, at which Bayard and Gallatin favored Hail Columbia, while Clay, Russell and Adams wanted Yankee Doodle.

The musical director asked if any of the gentlemen had the music. None of them had it. Then he suggested that one of them whistle or sing the air.

"I can't," said Mr. Clay. "I never whistled or sung a tune in my life; perhaps Mr. Bayard can."

"Neither can I," answered Mr. Bayard. "Perhaps Mr. Russell can."

Mr. Russell, Mr. Gallatin and Mr. Adams confessed their lack of musical ability.

"I have it," exclaimed Mr. Clay, and ringing the bell he summoned his body-servant. "John," said he, "whistle Yankee Doodle for this gentleman."

John did so, the chief musician noted down the air, and at the entertainment the Ghent Burghers' Band played, with variations, the National air of the United States.

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AVERAGE STATURE OF AMERICANS

IN A PAPER read by Major Henry S. Kilbourne, surgeon, United States Army, before the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States, says the Boston Evening Transcript, he advocated the theory that the physical power of a race of people—and, consequently, their capacity for work—is measured by their average stature. For every inch of height, between five and six feet, the extreme breathing capacity is increased eight cubic inches, the vital capacity being at its maximum at thirty-five years of age.

A table of measurements of one hundred and ninety thousand, six hundred and twenty-one native white Americans, accepted for the military service of the United States, shows that the number of men below sixty-three inches in height is but little greater than that of the class above seventy-three inches. The most numerous class is included between sixty-seven and sixty-nine inches, and this standard class would have a greater chest girth than the average. The mean height of one hundred and twenty-five United States naval cadets, above the age of twenty-three years, was sixty-seven and eighty one-hundredths inches. As these men are drawn from all parts and classes of the United States, they represent very nearly the typical physical development of the American people of twenty-five years of age.

Major Kilbourne has concluded that the commingling strains of Celtic, Danish, Norwegian and German blood among our people have thus far worked no deterioration of physical quality. "Not so with the swarthy, low-browed, and stunted people now swarming to our shores. Absorbed into the body of the people, these multitudes must irretrievably evolve an inferiority of type. To realize the result of such a contingency, let it be considered that the loss of an inch in stature might bring in its train the loss of National ascendency. Let us take care, then, that the State shall suffer no injury."

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INGENUITY OF THE COLONISTS

IT HAS been said that the snowshoe and canoe as made by the Indians could never be improved, says the Chautauquan. To these might be added the split birch broom, or splinter broom, also the invention of the Indians, but made in every country household in New England in Colonial days.

The branch of a large birch tree was cut eight feet long. An inch-wide band of the bark was left about eighteen inches from one end, and the shorter and lower end was cut in fine, pliable slivers up to the restraining bark band. A row of slivers was cut from the upper end downward, turned down over the band, and tied firmly down. Then the remainder of the stick was smoothed into a handle.

These brooms were pliable, cleanly and enduring, and as broom-corn was not grown here until the latter part of the past century, they were, in fact, the only brooms of those days. They were made by boys on New England farms for six cents apiece, and bought by the country storekeepers in large numbers for the cities' use.

These were not the only domestic utensils that the boys whittled, for in the universal manufacture of household supplies the boys joined; and, as Daniel Webster said, the Yankee boy's jack-knife was the direct forerunner of the cotton-gin and hundreds of other Yankee inventions. The boys from earliest days made trenches and trays, wooden pans in which to set milk, and wooden bread troughs. They made also butter-paddles of red cherry, noggins, keelers, rundlets, flails, cheese-hoops, cheese-ladders, salt mortars, pig-troughs, pokes, sled neaps, axe helves, box traps, reels, bobbins, handles for all implements, hay rakes, and scores of other wooden implements.

They also employed themselves in sticking wire teeth in wool cards. The strips of pierced leather and bent teeth were supplied by the card manufacturer, and the children received a petty sum for the finished cards. In every household every spare moment was occupied in doing something which would benefit the home and make work easier.

Spain in Carnival Dress

WHERE PAINT, POWDER AND PERFUME REIGN

By Sterling Heilig

OF ALL the cities which remain to keep it up, Cadiz is the place to see the carnival, says this writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. At Rome the carnival is a shadow, growing fainter each year. One day it will revive again for business purposes, as it has done in Paris. Of the other Italian cities, some are too poor, and others are becoming too practical, to keep up the merry mummery; and throughout all Europe the modern spirit makes against the old-time masked feasts.

For all the old-time ways, and to have a taste of old-time life, the traveler should pack his trunk for Spain. Seville is glorious. The glowing capital of Andalusia, flaked with white summer dust as the cheeks of her beauties are flaked with violet powder, suggests the clack-clack of castanets, whose music is not paid for on a stage, but the free work of amiable damsels, and a whole existence that seems, at least, unmercenary. But Seville is a large city, and foreigners are spoiling it. Cadiz is a smaller place, and is absolutely dead to all the world. Its flavor is its own, and it is a tiny world to itself.

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Cadiz has the worst hotels imaginable. Here the French cuisine is modified by the sturdy appetite of the ancient Visigoth, where there is none to molest it and make it ashamed. The Spanish word for cooking food—guisar—sounds strangely like "disguising it"; and garlic and oil will go far toward disguising anything.

But this strange cookery in itself is a guarantee that one is in a spot untroubled by influences from outside; and it all goes well with the musty streets, with the mouldering architecture and the festivities of half a century ago, where the disguises of the merrymakers are even more curious than the disguises of the table.

The carnival is the festivity which ushers in Lent. The idea is to be gay and abandon one's self to folly, because the slate is soon to be well rubbed out. Accordingly, the Spaniards seem to change their natures. Ordinarily, the Oriental habit of protecting their women by secluding them prevails. Accordingly, ladies take the greatest liberties at carnival. Ordinarily, a Spaniard will resent a word as he would a blow. Accordingly, he will bear any kind of chaff these few days of the year. In truth, the whole procedure seems planned to tempt human nature to the utmost on all its weakest sides.

Of the actual events there is, first, the open-air masking, then the throwing of chopped paper, the sprinkling of all the pretty women with diluted cologne water, and the freest kind of compliments to be paid to señoritas seated with their mothers on hired chairs along the consecrated street. Last of all there are the late masked balls, and suppers afterward, which last long into the morning. Cadiz has one long street—they call it the broad street, but it is really narrow—and the gas pipes on this street are so arranged that arches of light can be thrown across it, about five to the block, throughout its whole extent. Here English and American tourists find those "dreadful maskers" who insist on shaking hands with their wives.

Here are little cafés, cigar shops and soda-water booths turned for the day into sales-rooms of confetti, chopped paper, perfumed water, whisk brooms and tickling machines made out of feathers. Each has a use.

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The cut paper is cut very small, indeed, like tiny gunwads of all colors. A million or more of them are contained in one long, light paper cartridge or cornucopia. Thrown with some force, they burst, scattering variegated showers on the heads of those they strike; or, to be more economical and less rough, a handful at a time is sprinkled over the hair or trickled down the back of any fair one who seems deserving of the compliment. Instead of resenting this, the ladies are well pleased, and they will fight you, handful for handful, until mouth, eyes, ears and almost every other corner of your respective beings is drifted full of spangles, gold and silver, or white, green, red, blue, pink and lemon-colored. Only, you must not touch the ladies with your hands.

The perfumed water comes in long tubes, like the oil paints seen in artists' studios or the "glycerine and roses" found in drug stores. Unscrew the nozzle, press the tube, and the perfumed water does the rest. It is only a tiny spray, which strikes the beauty on her cheek, or in her ear, or trickles down her spine, according as your luck or taste decrees; and its fragrance in this hot land is grateful to a people given completely to powder, paint and perfumes.

The "ticklers" are on long sticks, to be used at a distance. The whisk brooms are for use when you officiously brush the spangles from the shoulders, bust or hips of some lady who is absolutely stunning while she stands with body thrown into that curved, disjointed attitude which Spanish women know so well how to assume—elbows out, wrists at waist, smile on lip and a sly defiance in the half-closed eye. Only, you must not touch the lady with your hands.

Who are these girls, so gracious, gay and romantically easy-going, and how is it you have never managed to see them before? They are the whole female population of Cadiz, and picked flowers from every village ten miles around. Servant-maids and the daughters of nobles mingle with peasant girls and the wives and daughters of bull-fighters, shopkeepers' daughters, shopkeepers' wives—everybody's wife and everybody's daughter—yes, and everybody's mother, too. The whole special fabric is spread out on this one street, so bright, so long, so narrow and so romantic in its architecture. Three rows of chairs fill up the entire sidewalk on each side of the narrow street.

On these the people of distinction sit, receive and throw confetti, flowers and perfumed water. On every balcony and at every window there are young ladies leaning out. These are the highest class of all, in their own apartments, or apartments rented for the night.

It is a favorite diversion of these young ladies, day and night, but particularly in the afternoon, when the street is not so full, to let drop from a balcony an enormous hand of canvas, or other material, stuffed with straw. He whom it bumps on the head will look up in vain to catch a glimpse of the offender. A mocking laugh from behind the curtains will be all his pay as the hand is quickly jerked back by a string.

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In the centre of the street the masked and unmasked walk together, male and female, the just and the unjust. It is impossible to stand still; one must keep always moving, under a fire of cut paper, gold and silver spangles, and cologne water.

But here, in a city where a word is daily answered with a blow, and where stabbing affrays form the chief preoccupation of the judiciary, you see no ill-temper and never a sign of the slightest annoyance.

The masked balls, unfortunately, are not such great successes. It is not that good humor does not also reign in them; but the company is not select, or, rather, it is too select, with a selection of the wrong kind. They are given over to the second-class youth of the city and environs.

Here, gentlemen of high social position sit in the boxes only, and chat as they drink the Manzanilla, but will not walk about the floor with the common class.

On the floor you think that the señoritas are pretty, but you can not tell, because they are all in mask. Further yet, they are all with their own partners. The atmosphere is different from the outside street, and the change felt by the tourist is from the license of the carnival to the every-day manners of the Spanish.

As the carnival night is almost over, a word about the wines may be of interest. In Spain the smallest children drink wine as they wish it—that is, they help themselves. More than this, babies are given sugared brandy and water "to make them strong." Certainly the Spaniards are physically strong—it is hard to find a more muscular and healthy set of people, and few Americans would have the breath to dance their country dances.

The ordinary wines have a high percentage of alcohol, and are not at all like the weak French and German table wines. They are so cheap that they are given free at hotel tables; and every peasant has his bread, and cheese, and wine, though he may be lacking meat for dinner. Yet there is absolutely no drunkenness known in Spain.

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You may travel from one end of the peninsula to the other without encountering a native case of drunkenness. Is it a racial virtue only? Not at all, for it is almost as true in France and Germany, particularly in the districts of the vine. In these countries we hear nothing of temperance crusades, because the fact of temperance exists. There must be some connection, therefore, between the universal use of wine and good behavior.

All this may have but a remote connection with the carnival at Cadiz or the loud ball. Yet if you were there, sitting in a box at twelve o'clock at night, when the floor is getting too furious in its fun for foreigners, and the morning of Good Friday at your heels, you, too, would think about your native land, and while exulting in its freedom from the shiftlessness and the thriftlessness of Spain, would wish for it the honorable and universal temperance of Spaniards.

Mizpah

WE NEVER used the word while thou and I
Walked close together in life's working way;
There was no need for it, when hand and eye
Might meet, content and faithful, every day.

But now, with anguish from a stricken heart,
Mizpah! I cry; the Lord keep watch between
Thy life and mine, that death hath riven apart.
Thy life beyond the awful veil, unseen.

And my poor broken being, which must glide
Through ways familiar to us both, till death
Shall, of a surety, lead me to thy side,
Beyond the chance and change of mortal breath.
Mizpah! yea, love, in all my bitter pain,
I trust God keepeth watch betwixt us twain.

The lips are dumb from which I used to hear
Strong words of counsel, tender words of praise;
Poor, I must go my way without the cheer
And sunshine of thy presence all my days.

But God keeps watch my ways and days upon,
On all I do, on all I bear for thee,
My work is left me, though my mate is gone;
A solemn trust has Love bequeathed to me.

I take the task thy languid hand laid down
That summer evening, for mine own always;
And may the Giver of both cross and crown
Pronounce me faithful at our meeting days!
Mizpah! the world gives comfort to my pain;
I know God keepeth watch betwixt us twain.

—All the Year Round.

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Our Ride Across the Balkans

WHERE TIME SEEMS TO HAVE STOOD STILL

By Bishop Goodsell

IT WAS a rich experience. It began at the little town of Nicopoli, on the Danube, where the Bulgarian customs officer looked wisely at the passport of the United States, which he could not read, and ran off with it to the central office, where, I fancy, there were not much greater gifts, says this writer in the Christian Advocate.

Brother Sitterly and I were kept waiting in the "partoun," as the Bulgarians call the National vehicle, for three-quarters of an hour before it was handed back. What a motley population clustered round us as we waited! Our driver was an old Turk, gorgeous in baggy red trousers broidered with black, a blue, sleeveless vest, a yellow girdle, and a turban, as I believe, of a yellow foundation, incrusted with the brown soil, which is ever on the move in windy Bulgaria. Albanians, Montenegrins, Greeks, Bulgarians and Turks, each in distinctive costume, and all dirty, looked to their fill and commented and queried in a constant babble.

A soldier finally handed back the passports with a salute, and we were free to ride through the ruinous old town, shaken by a venerable cobblestone pavement, bumped by rocks which had never been blasted from the road, and jolted by ruts as old as the century. The military road we followed skirted high cliffs, at the foot of which there was a shelf just wide enough for the road, beneath which the river turned and twisted like the original Meander. Beautiful white cattle and hideous water buffaloes crowded the pastures in the bends of the river.

It was now nightfall, and clouds of dust announced and accompanied the returning harvesters. For though it was still June, the fields were white and gold, and ready for the reaper. Very visible did this return make the conditions under which the Bulgarians lived so long. In the Turkish days no man dare live by himself on his own land. They crowded their houses into hollows hidden from the main road, where numbers and secrecy could give some protection.

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For twenty miles scarce a house was visible from the road. A few would cluster round the wells and the wayside inn, mainly such as would gain a poor living by shoeing the traveler's horse or mending his wagon. Sometimes the village revealed itself by the rising smoke over the hill, but the chief sign was the stream of harvesters, on foot, in rude wagons, and on horseback, going in the one direction. They made the air ring with chatter, laughter and song. Their faces were those of cheerful toilers, dull, unintellectual, thoughtless, happy with animal happiness.

Here were the implements of the old time; the wooden plow with an iron point, the bush harrow, the short broad-bladed scythe, and the ancient sickle. Not a cradle or reaper anywhere! Every stalk of the fair grain is cut with sickle, mostly by women, and gleaned by them as in the days of Ruth.

As the night came on the stars peeped out over the hills with the brilliance of winter. I think the Milky Way was never more brilliant. Thanks to Stambuloff, who nearly extirpated brigandage in Bulgaria, we had little fear of robbers, though there were a thousand convenient spots for such gentry. How easily they could have stopped us with a shot from the cliffs above, or caught us at the innumerable and surprising turns in the road, or sprung upon us from the thickets by the wayside!

But they were not there, and on till past midnight we went rattling over the stones, stopping every two hours to bait the horses at a filthy inn, where water flowed we dare not drink, unless we knew it came from the mountain-side; where our Turks ate sour black bread and drank muddy coffee from cups, and finished with a thimbleful of some native spirit; where the Bulgarian priest, with his brimless hat and long black robe, sat drinking with the passing teamsters on the hotel porch; and where nothing clean could be had to eat, except eggs after the shell was off! On through the loneliest road I ever traversed, except one (and that one the way from the geysers of Yellowstone Park to Beaver Cañon, in Idaho), until near one in the morning the lights of Plevna sprinkled the darkness, and we stopped at an inn already hopelessly full of military officers from Sophia.

Four hours later we were on the way again, the professor and the pastor having nodded a while in the parsonage of three rooms, and I for less time in a room resounding with the nasal trumpet of the landlord, yet with a good breakfast from the hands of the pastor's wife at Plevna, whose husband was at the seat of Conference.

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The early morning was delightful, though cold. The road runs up a mountain-side dotted with monuments to the dead of the Russian army, and emerges upon a rolling plateau where the awful struggle on this battle-field between Turks and Russians has left imperishable marks. Bulgaria is rich in grain fields. I have never seen better, and as the wind wrinkled and waved them in the early morning it seemed impossible that they should ever have been mown by shell and shot. Yet the monuments rose from the grain to retell the awful tale of Plevna.

The early hours are the bird hours. The crow here has a gray body and black wings and head, but retains the familiar note of his kind. The magpie flitted everywhere. One gay bird called "kadanka," or "the Turkish lady," is as brilliant as some humming-birds and the size of our thrush. It has a green back, shading into electric blue on the neck. The tips of the wings are black. The crown is reddish brown shading into green. The throat is yellow, and the long tail a glossy black, like that of our purple grackle. Its swift flight was like the flutter of gay ribbon.

The wayside plants were not wholly unlike our own. Goldenrod was already brilliant. Red poppies incarnadined some of the grain fields and clambered up the rocks. Four varieties of thistles seemed too abundant for the farmers' welfare. The hillsides waved with the "burning bush," that feathery flame of old New England dooryards.

Everything was beautiful except the homes of the people. These were low, ill-kept, the roofs of heavy slabs of stone from the river beds, and were surrounded by all manner of refuse and litter. Early as it was, the harvesters were again on the way to the fields, but the morning seemed to bring heaviness to eyes and limbs, and there were no songs to beguile the way.

Finally a long climb, enlivened by the droning folk-songs of our Turkish driver, brought us in sight of Lofteha, and under a blazing sun we reached the well-known burial mounds of whose history the natives seem to know nothing, and with many cracks of the whip and jingling of bells rode up to the girls' school opposite our pretty church, where a score of preachers and teachers, and more than a score of smiling and helpful schoolgirls welcomed us outside the gates, and, lovingly seizing some article of clothing or baggage, escorted us to the good rooms and waiting dinner of an American home.

My window looked down the ravine in which the town chiefly lies, and I saw the minarets of the mosques rising high above the lower Christian steeples. The terraced sides of the valley were of brown and rugged rocks. It was much like one of the river coulees of eastern Washington. There, below me, was the long, covered bridge where the Turks, in 1876, butchered the fleeing Bulgarians and piled seven hundred bodies up until none could pass for blood and corpses. Our preacher was in the heap!

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Among such terrors the Bulgarians lived until delivered by the Russians from Turkish rule. Crimes against the person worse than death were once of daily occurrence; yet not without some spasms of justice from occasional Pashas and Cadis. A house was pointed out to me from whose balcony the commandant hurled to the stone pavement below the scoundrelly officer who billeted himself, pistol in hand, in the house and bed of a Bulgarian. I could scarcely eat in my eagerness to thread the queer streets of the town two hundred feet below me and to cross that bridge of awful memories.

Yet Conference kept me until near the nightfall, and then, guided by a Swiss teacher in our school, whose womanly courtesy seemed everywhere a delight, I clambered down the hill and, jostled by Greeks, Jews, Turks and Bulgars, crossed the bridge, lined on either side with bazaars, and heard again how the way was blocked by the dead, and how the butchers chopped at the heads of the crowd pressed toward the swords by the flying mob behind, whose speed was not enough to escape from the daggers and yataghans which plied swiftly at either end of the bridge. And until the Turk is banished from Europe, Bulgaria must be in appalling uncertainty as to its future. She must yet know war before she can have the blessing of final peace.

Little Problems of Modern Society

OBSERVATIONS MADE WITH A TOUCH OF HUMOR

Meek American Husbands

THEIR NOBLE, SILENT UNSELFISHNESS

UNTIL the beginning of this century men played the star part in life's comedy. Like the rest of the animal world, says An Idler, in the New York Evening Post, our males were always the brilliant members of a community, flaunting their gaudy plumage at home and abroad, while their women-folk remained in seclusion, tending the children, directing the servants and ministering to their lords' comfort.

The husband formerly ruled supreme at his own fireside, receiving the homage of the family, who bent to his will and obeyed his orders. During the last fifty years, however, the part of better-half has been getting less and less attractive in America, one prerogative after another having been captured by the enterprising wives.

These modern Delilahs have yearly snipped off more and more of Samson's luxuriant curls, and added those ornaments to their own head-dress, until, in the majority of families, the husband finds himself reduced to a state of bondage compared with which the Biblical hero enjoyed pampered idleness.

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Times have changed, indeed, in America since the native chief sat in dignified repose bedizened with all the finery at hand, while the ladies of the family waited tremblingly upon him. To-day the American husband turns the grindstone all the year round without a murmur, and his pretty tyrant enjoys the elegant leisure that a century ago would have been considered a masculine luxury.

To America must be given the credit of having produced the model husband—a new species, as it were, of the *genus homo*. In no rôle does our compatriot appear to such advantage as in that of Benedict. As a boy he is often too advanced for his years or his information; in youth he is conspicuous neither for his culture nor his unselfishness. But once in matrimonial harness this untrained animal becomes bridle-wise with surprising rapidity, and proceeds for the rest of his career to go through his paces, waltzing, kneeling, and saluting with hardly a touch of the whip.

Whether this is the result of superior horsemanship on the part of American women, or a trait peculiar to sons of Uncle Sam, is hard to say, but the fact is self-evident to any observer that our fair equestrians rarely meet with a rebellious steed.

Any one, who has observed martial ways in other lands, will realize that in no country have the men effaced themselves so gracefully as with us. In this respect no foreign production can compare for a moment with our domestic article. In English, French, and German families the husband is all-powerful. The stable is mounted, guests are asked, and the year planned out to suit the husband's occupations and pleasure. Here he is rarely consulted until such matters have been decided upon by the ladies, when the head of the house is called in to sign the checks for payment of the bills.

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I have had occasion, more than once, to bewail the shortcomings of the American men, so I take particular pleasure in applauding the modesty and good temper with which he fills this part. He is trained, from the beginning, to give all and expect little in return, an American girl rarely bringing any dot to her husband, no matter how wealthy her family may be; or if, as occasionally happens, an income is allowed a bride by her parents, she expects to spend it on her toilettes or pleasures. This condition of the matrimonial market exists in no other country; even in England, where *mariages de convenance* are rare, "settlements" form an inevitable prelude to conjugal bliss.

The fact that she contributes little or nothing to the common income in no way embarrasses an American wife; her pretensions are usually in an inverse proportion to her personal means. A man I knew some years ago deliberately chose his bride from an impecunious family (in the hope that her simple surroundings had inculcated homely tastes), and announced to an incredulous circle of friends, at his last bachelor dinner, that he intended to pass his evenings by his fireside, with his books and his pretty spouse.

Poor, innocent, confiding mortal! His wife quickly became the belle of the fastest set in town, having had more than she wanted of firesides and quiet evenings before her marriage. Her one idea was to go about as much as possible, and, when not so occupied, to fill her house with company.

It may be laid down as an axiom, in this connection, that a man marries to obtain a home, and a girl to get away from one; hence disappointment on both sides.

The couple in question have, in all probability, not passed an evening at home alone since they were married, whether in town or in the country, the lady rarely stopping in the round of her gayeties until she collapses from complete fatigue.

Their home is typical of their life, which itself can be taken as a good example of the existence that most of our fashionable people lead. The principal floors are given up to entertaining. The third is occupied by the spacious sitting, bath and sleeping rooms of the lady. A 10 x 12 middle chamber suffices for "my lord"; the only "den" that he can rightly call his own being a little room near the front door, about as private as the sidewalk, which is turned into a cloak-room whenever the couple receive, making it impossible to keep books or papers of value there, or even to use it as a smoking-room after dinner, so that his men guests sit cheerlessly around the dismantled dining-table while the ladies are enjoying a suite of parlors above. At first the idea of such an unequal division of the house shocks our sense of justice, until we reflect that the American husband is not expected to remain at home. That's not his place! If he is not down town making money, fashion dictates that he must be at some club-house playing a game. A man who remains at home, and reads or chats with the ladies of his family, is considered a bore and unmanly. There seems to be no need in an American house for the head of it.

More than once when the friend I have referred to has asked me, at the club, to dine *en famille* with him, we have found, on arriving, that "Madame," having an evening off, has gone to bed and forgotten to order any dinner, whereupon we returned to the club for our meal. When, however, his wife is in good health, she expects her weary husband to accompany her to dinner, opera, or ball, night after night, oblivious of the work the morrow holds in store for him.

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In a family I know, paterfamilias goes by the name of "the purse." The more one sees of American households the more appropriate that name appears. Everything is expected of the husband, and he is accorded no definite place in return. He leaves the house at eight-thirty in the morning. When he returns, at five, if his wife is entertaining one or two men at tea, it would be considered the height of indelicacy for him to intrude on that circle, for his arrival would cast a chill that only his departure could remove. When a couple dine out, the husband is *la bête noir* of the hostess, as no woman wants to sit next to a married man if she can help it.

The few married men who have had the courage to break away from such traditions and amuse themselves with yachts, salmon rivers, or "grass-bachelor" trips to Europe, while secretly admired by women, are frowned upon by society as dangerous examples, likely to sow the seeds of discontent among their comrades; but it is the commonest thing in the world for an American wife to take the children and go abroad on a tour. Imagine a German or Italian wife announcing to her spouse that she had decided to run over to England for a year with her children, that they might learn English. The mind recoils in horror from the idea of the catastrophe that would ensue.

Glance around a New York ballroom, a dinner party or the opera, if you have any doubts as to the unselfishness of our married men. How many of them are there for their own pleasure? The owner of an opera box so rarely retains a seat in his expensive quarters that you generally find him idling in the lobbies looking at his watch, or repairing to a neighboring concert-hall.

At a ball it is even worse. One wonders why card rooms are not provided at large balls (as is the custom abroad), where the bored husbands might find a little solace, instead of yawning in the coat-room or making desperate signs to their wives from the doorway, signals of distress that rarely produce any effect in the slightest degree.

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And yet it is the rebellious husband who is admired and courted. A curious trait of human nature compels our admiration for whatever is harmful, and forces us, in spite of our better judgment, to value lightly whatever is beneficent and of service to mankind. The coats-of-arms of all countries are crowded with eagles and lions who never yet did any good, living or dead; but orators enlarge on the fine qualities of these birds and beasts, and hold them up as models, while using as terms of reproach the name of the goose or the cow, creatures which minister in a hundred ways to our wants. It must be some such spirit that has brought the helpful, money-making better-half to the humble place he now occupies in the eyes of our people.

As long as men passed their time in fighting and carousing they were heroes, but since they became patient breadwinners all the romance has evaporated from their atmosphere. Samson had his revenge, in the end, and made things disagreeable for his tormentors. So far, however, there are no signs of a revolt among the shorn lambs in this country. They patiently bend their necks to the collar—the kindest, most loving and devoted helpmates that ever plodded under the matrimonial yoke.

When in the East I have watched with admiration the rôle a donkey plays in the economy of those primitive lands. All the work is reserved for that industrious animal, while but little falls to his share. The camel is always bad-tempered, and when overladen lies down, refusing to move until relieved of his burden. The Turk is lazy and selfish; the native women pass their time apparently in chattering and giggling; the children play and squabble, the ubiquitous dogs sleep in the sun, but from daybreak to midnight the little mouse-colored donkeys toil unceasingly.

All burdens too bulky or too cumbersome for man or the big beasts are put on their backs; the provender horses and camels have refused becomes their portion; they are the first to begin the day's labor and the last to turn in. It is impossible to live long in the Orient or the South of France without becoming attached to those gentle, willing animals. The rôle the kindly, honest Bourico fills so well abroad, is played on this side of the Atlantic by the American husband.

In saying this I mean no disrespect to my married compatriots; quite the contrary. I admire them as I do all docile, well-meaning beings. It is well for our women, however, that their lords, like the little Oriental donkeys, do not know their strength, but are content to toil on to the end of their days, expecting neither praise nor thanks in return.

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Petty Tyrannies of a Lifetime

PEOPLE WHO MADE ME MISERABLE

By Tudor Jenks

I REMEMBER an anecdote—though I ungratefully forget its author—concerning the thrashing, in mature life, of one who had bullied, in school-days, the administrator of the long-delayed punishment, says this writer in the Independent. In that case the bullied had, in course of time, outgrown the bully, and had also the good luck to meet him.

There are certain individuals, enshrined in my memory, whom it would give me great pleasure to requite for the unhappy hours they have inflicted upon me—at least, I love to imagine them at my mercy; yet I have all the time an uneasy feeling that I should forgive them. Once, indeed, I had the pleasure of holding one foe in play; but, alas!—I forgave him.

Among those individuals, some take part in scenes of childhood. Easily first is a small boy, of foreign extraction, who had been so belabored by his father that corporal punishment had no terrors for him. He was immune by reason of repeated blows. We went to the country, and stayed at one of a group of hotels on an elevated plateau amid the mountains. The small, bullet-headed foreigner ruled us children with a rod of iron. He would occasionally announce, with cold-blooded animosity, that he "was going to thrash So-and-so." And we lived in a state of terror lest we might be upon the proscribed list. Even then I was old enough to have heard, often, the adage that every bully is a coward; and I was also old enough to know that the saying was really absurd.

Nothing happened to me; but the shadow of that baleful infant darkened many an hour after he had faded away like the bullet-headed nightmare he was. I shouldn't mind having it out with him now—provided I was in strict training and he wasn't.

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Next in the procession I recall a certain teacher. We boys didn't admire him then; and now I remember him clearly enough to know he was a shallow, narrow-minded martinet who abused the authority a foolish school system had put into his hands.

His instrument of torture was the Procrustean bed of "Mental Arithmetic"—a form of mental gymnastics now, I hope, extinct. He insisted upon a rapid, accurate, verbally correct style of recitation that would have delighted the father of Frederick the Great.

As little boys, some of us were more agonized over that wretched Mental Arithmetic than we should have been if confronted by some real terror. For fear is relative, after all. An old backwoodsman, visiting New York, was asked how he and his companions on the frontier could live, and move, and have their being, when every rock or tree might screen a savage, and the messenger of death might at any moment arrive.

"Well," said he, "we risked our lives every day. But it's as bad here. When I cross Broadway a policeman yells 'Look out!' and yanks me from before a cable car; then I take a new start, and just dodge a hansom cab. Either way, it's taking risks; and for my part, I prefer the Indians. They don't make so much noise."

So in school we risked only bad marks; but the trivial nature of the penalty was perceived by only a few illuminati whose derring-do was the pride and awe of us commoner mortals.

Another teacher-fiend was a blond gentleman with abundant whiskers of a tow-like nature, who one day conceived the brilliant idea of compelling us, at the end of every session in his class-room, to report each his own deficiencies—the atrocious crime of whispering, or "communicating," as it was prettily called.

The precious scheme worked to perfection. It snared all the honest boys, and let the dishonest ones escape—in which respect it worked much as an income-tax works in the adult world. Then we organized a delegation, and appealed to the schoolmaster's sense of fairness, setting forth the defects of his plan. And he grinned indulgently over his towy whiskers, failed to answer our arguments except as a Pecksniff might have done, and waved us away. It gives me a sense of keen pleasure to say that he was a lazy sneak whom, to-day, I wouldn't trust around a corner with buildings on it. It can do no harm to abuse his memory; neither he nor any one can now recognize his portrait by my true description.

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Another similar figure was an insignificant creature whom fortune had put in a position of high authority in a school. His weighty dignity, as he admonished some trembling culprit who had broken some idiotic rule, was as absurd as it was cruel. There is no need to specify; the school tyrant, the pedagogue bully, is known to every schoolboy—an imitation of Macaulay's phrase that has the advantage of being true.

I remember one more pedagogue who inflicted acute mental torture upon a little boy because the child had laughed, and made harmless fun, in a class taught by the teacher's wife. The little fellow was hauled before the petty despot and accused of "insulting his wife!" an absurd, but really awful, offense.

No one can hate the old whipping-days more than I; but I think the ferrule a more merciful and more manly resort than such a piece of sham "moral suasion."

Nor were the vacation days free of the bully and tyrant. My brother and I had a little dog, and loved it as boys love their pets. The dog chased some turkeys belonging to a farm. The brute who had charge of the fowls told us to call off the dog. We did so, but could not stop the chase at once. Meanwhile the man went after the shotgun, and, as the dog came running back, shot it dead without regret.

I can see my brother now, gathering up the body of the bleeding, dying dog; and I shall never forget what was then a terrible tragedy. For years I cherished an Indian's thirst for vengeance on that man; but, of course, it came to nothing, and the man is now dead. I wonder if he's comfortable.

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Less tragic, but nearly as provocative of suffering to me, was the bullying of my small brother by one too large and strong for me to fight. That bullying boy has forgotten the whole matter, I know; but I haven't. He has been successful in life, and is prosperous, and no doubt would have the upper hand yet, were I disposed to try conclusions with him; yet civilization, and the advance of intelligence, forbids me to lie in wait and drop bricks upon his head. Should I like to? Don't ask the question. Of course not.

Later in life one begins to see two sides to questions, and such grudges as I could recall against those who have since cozened or bullied me, have not the heartiness of youth. But it is possible that mankind's fixed belief, in a system of future justice, may be altruistic on the punitive as well as on the rewarding side, and give comfort.

In the world of letters, too, there are men whom I shall never see save between the lines of their books, and yet against whom I could frame an indictment. Anthony Trollope, in spite of the affection extorted by his unique and delightful autobiography, has caused the young writer many a pang. Why did Trollope rise so early every day, and write so regularly, and make so much money? Benjamin Franklin, too, spent his money so wisely as to be positively offensive; and Emerson and Thoreau—what business had they to extract joy from commonplace gems that no one else can find, nor yet should overlook?

As a set-off to the unpleasant teachers I have referred to, let me record the action of a humane college professor to whom came a student asking to be excused for a tardy mark, and alleging that in three years at college he had never been marked delinquent.

"Humph!" growled the professor; "high time you were!" And the mark remained.

Gross tyranny—save in Turkey—is going out; yet the petty tyranny of the moral bully causes more suffering in the aggregate, if less in detail, than does physical pain.

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Wilson Barrett's Hamlet.—Sir Henry Irving happened to meet Wilson Barrett one day, at the time when the latter had just ceased to play his rôle of Hamlet. "Ah, Barrett," said he, with the Irving manner, "what have you been playing?" "Hamlet," answered Barrett with the Barrett manner. "Hamlet!" grunted Sir Henry—you know the tone, that peculiar grunt delivered as if it were a snort. "Yes," said Barrett. The Irving sound from Sir Henry. "I say, Irving," said Barrett, a bit nettled, "do you think you are the only actor who can play Hamlet?" "No," replied Irving quickly; "no, Barrett, my boy; but I know that you are the only actor who can't."

Where Dreyfus is Imprisoned

HIS EVERY-DAY LIFE ON L'ILE DU DIABLE

FOR several weeks past the whole world has been interested in the animated discussion regarding the guilt or innocence of the French artillery officer, Captain Dreyfus, who was accused by his Government of selling valuable State documents to the emissaries of a foreign Power, and who was transported for life, says Cassell's Journal. Few people, however, have any idea as to the exact spot where the hapless man is exiled, and how he is passing the weary hours of his captivity.

Off the coast of French Guiana, about three-quarters of a mile east of Cayenne, in the Atlantic Ocean, lies a group of small islands, designated upon the maps as Les Iles du Salut, or Islands of Safety. For nearly half a century these islands have been utilized by the French Government as a penal settlement for Anarchists and other wagers of war against society who have escaped the clutches of the guillotine.

The most northerly and desolate island of this terrible group is L'Ile du Diable, which interpreted means, of course, Devil's Island. It was to this barren waste that Captain Dreyfus was conveyed to eke out the remaining days of his earthly existence.

Prior to his transportation, this island was utilized as a sanatorium for lepers. It is in reality but a large rock, and has almost been denuded of the scant tropical vegetation that formerly thrived, so that no concealment should offer itself to the prisoner should he be fortunate enough to effect his escape.

Not that this is at all likely, for he *is* most religiously guarded. The island is safely covered by the heavy guns of the fort of Cayenne, which alone would be almost sufficient to blow the island to atoms if the necessity arose, while mitrailleuses and other quick-firing guns are trained upon it from every point of vantage, ready to discharge their leaden hail at any moment.

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Twenty soldiers are told off to guard the State prisoner, yet so deadly is the climate that they have to be relieved every three weeks, while as a final precaution, the torpedo boat La Terrible has been especially commissioned to guard against any rescue or escape by sea. There is no depth of soil for cultivation, the heat is most oppressive, and the atmosphere reeks with malarial fever.

Dreyfus' plight is indeed a pitiful and terrible one. His house, which is a rudely built shanty of one small room, containing a plank bed, table and chair, is constructed within, and completely covered by, a huge iron cage about ten feet high and twelve feet square, similar to those used for immuring wild beasts in a menagerie. On no pretense whatever is he permitted outside the narrow confines of this barbarous prison.

Two sentries, armed with loaded rifles, watch religiously over him night and day, being relieved every two hours, and they have strict injunctions to mercilessly shoot the prisoner should he make a dash for deeply yearned-for liberty. They are rigorously forbidden to hold any intercourse whatever with the degraded officer, under pain of the most severe penalties. Recently a sergeant was reduced to the ranks for deigning to answer, *in a moment of abstraction*, an interpolation by Dreyfus as to when the mails would arrive. This is stated to be the only occasion upon which Dreyfus has spoken to a human being since incarceration, and it is a wonder that the solitary confinement has not deprived him of his reason.

Dreyfus' life is, indeed, intolerable. He has to rise with the sun, and is compelled to show himself for five minutes every hour in his outer cage until sunset, when he retires, so that the Governor of the penal colony upon the adjacent island can testify, by the aid of his field-glass, that the prisoner is still safe in custody, and report the matter direct by cable to Paris.

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His clothes are of the roughest description, and his food of the coarsest. When he ventures outside his primitive bed-chamber he is confronted with the gaunt iron bars of his cage, which gall him terribly. He paces the green sward that skirts his shanty feverishly, and gazes in sad abstraction and anxiety out to sea, looking in vain for help. But whence can help come? Not from France, for the recent trial of M. Zola has but served to inflame the hatred of the populace and military officials against the unfortunate Dreyfus. So this wretched victim of official malice is doomed to drag out his miserable existence upon this desolate and pest-ridden island. Fortunately he is not entirely cut off from communication with the outside world.

At long intervals he is permitted to write to his sorrowing family in France, and although subjected to stringent surveillance, the authorities deleting anything which they do not care to pass, the epistles are so harrowing in the vividness of the detailed horrors and intense misery in this living hell, that the most hard-hearted can scarcely fail to be moved to pity. The outside world is to him a perfect blank. He is utterly in ignorance of the strenuous efforts that have been made in Paris to establish his innocence, as any passages in his few letters from home relating thereto are ruthlessly cut out by the authorities. A letter written by this wretched man to his little boy, and which is published in the Paris papers, is full of pathos. It runs thus:

"*Dear Little Pierre:* Papa sends you plenty of kisses, and to little Jeanne also. Papa often thinks of you both. You will teach little Jeanne to make pretty towers with wooden bricks, very high, like those I used to make for you, and which tumbled over so delightfully. Be very good. Give plenty of nice caresses to your mother when she is sad. Be very nice, too, with grandfather and grandmother; have some good 'larks' with your aunts. [In the original the word is 'niches,' which means harmless little practical jokes.] When papa comes back from his journey, you will come and meet him at the station with little Jeanne, with mamma, with everybody. Once more, with many kisses for you and little Jeanne,

YOUR PAPA."

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